

# THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

## And Weekly Review;

Forming a General Repository of Literature, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, the Drama, &c.

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### REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Travels through the interior Province of Columbia.* By COL. J. P. HAMILTON, late Chief Commissioner from his Britannic Majesty to the Republic of Columbia 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 588. London, 1827. Murray.

WE never feel more, as citizens of the world, than when looking for tidings from South America. The idea of distance is annihilated in the deep and fervent interest we take in her struggles from slavery to independence, and from independence to constitutional security. Interesting in every point of view, for her immense wealth and the rank which nature has given her among the nations of the world, we look on this quarter of the globe as the mighty cradle of human energy, and the nursery of powers that shall one day subdue and possess the earth. We unite in our imaginations, when thinking of her future destinies, the pomp of old Assyria, and the fairy wonders of Arabia, with the highest achievements and triumphs of emancipated humanity. That there will be a long and fearful struggle before liberty can free herself from the slough of bigotry,—that many years must pass away before the nations of the south will be independent in themselves as well as of their masters,—and that the genius and devotedness of many successive patriots must be employed before their triumph will be complete, not a doubt can be indulged. Nations, by one bold and desperate effort, may free themselves from slavery; but it is only the progression of free opinion that can make them feel and understand what independence is. South America, if she prosper in establishing her liberty, must, in her succeeding destinies, influence the destiny of the world; and we look on the revolutions in her governments as the prelude to a new order of things,—as the preparation of a change in the policy, the condition, and relation, of European as well as transatlantic nations. Nothing is more wonderful in the history of mankind than the past condition of South America. That centuries should have elapsed before she felt her power,—that generations of men should have passed away, before her people awoke in their bondage,—and that when she did arise, and her children shook off their burden, that both she herself and other countries should have appeared to doubt whether she might be free or not; that such should have been the case with a country possessing such prodigious wealth and so many other advantages as South America, is a strange and fearful demonstration of the truth, that nature is fallen and palsied in her energies, and must slumber, whatever be her

giant strength, till the omnipotent voice of Providence wake her into action.

After the work of M. de Humboldt, succeeding writers have little new to say regarding the internal state or resources of the South American nations. We expect, however, from every traveller something more than the gossip of the passage or descriptions of scenery; and although Colonel Hamilton's book contains much that is interesting, both to the naturalist and general reader, we are compelled to say that the style of his book, its levity, and careless arrangement, are more characteristic of a fortnight's tourist in Paris, than of a traveller among the infant republics of America. We shall endeavour to give our readers the passages which have struck us as the most interesting, among which is the following account of Bolivar:—

‘During my residence in Colombia, the President Bolivar was in Peru, commanding the independent army composed of Columbian and Peruvian troops opposed to the Spanish army under the command of the Viceroy La Cerne and General Canteiaco. I regretted exceedingly not having had the good fortune to be personally acquainted with Bolivar, who is, at this time, without any disparagement to other highly gifted men in America, the greatest man and most extraordinary character which the New World has ever produced. Bolivar is descended from one of the oldest Spanish families in Caraccas termed “Mantuanoes,” to show that they are lineally descended from the Spanish warriors who accompanied Cortes, Pizarro, Gonsalvo de Ximenes, and other chiefs, in their conquest of Mexico, Peru, Columbia, Chili, &c. Bolivar is about forty-one years of age. I have been told that he looks considerably older, from the great fatigues and various privations he has undergone in his numerous campaigns in South America. In person, Bolivar is small but muscular, and well made, and able to go through astonishing fatigues, which I have heard confirmed by one his aides-de-camp and Colonel Santa Maria, who, with others of Bolivar's staff, had frequently been left behind by their chief, in his long and tedious journeys over the mountains and vast plains of Columbia and Peru. The eyes of Bolivar are very dark, large, full of fire and penetration, and denote energy of mind and greatness of soul; his nose is aquiline and well formed, his face rather long and prematurely furrowed by care and anxiety; his complexion sallow. In society, Bolivar is lively in his manner, full of anecdote and conversation; he possesses the happy knack, like Bonaparte, of reading at once a man's character, and placing him in a situation where his talents and abilities will prove most

useful to the country. One great and rare virtue belonging to the character of Bolivar is his thorough disinterestedness, and the little regard he pays to himself under the most severe privations, always anxious to share what he has with his companions in arms, even to his last shirt. To confirm this, it will not be amiss to relate an anecdote of him, told me by another of his aides-de-camp.

‘Soon after his entry into Bogotá, after the defeat of the Spaniards at Bojaca, he gave a grand entertainment to many of the first families of the place; and just before dinner, an English colonel arrived. Bolivar looking at him, said, “my good and brave colonel, what a dirty shirt you have on for this grand dinner; how happens it?” The colonel replied, “he was really very sorry, but to confess the truth, it was the only shirt he had.” On hearing which Bolivar laughed, and sending for his major-domo, desired him to give the colonel one of his shirts; the man hesitated, and remained looking at the general; when he again said rather impatiently, “why don't you go as I desire you, the dinner will soon be on the table.” The major-domo stammered out, “your excellency has but two shirts, one is on your back, the other in the wash.” This made Bolivar and the colonel laugh heartily; the former remarking, jokingly, “the Spaniards retreated so quickly from us, my dear colonel, that I have been obliged to leave my heavy baggage in the rear.”

‘It is a well known fact that Bolivar is, at this time, a poorer man than when first the civil war broke out. He had then some of the finest estates in the neighbourhood of Caraccas, cultivated by slaves, producing excellent cocoa, tobacco, indigo, &c. He gave liberty to almost all his slaves, making only one condition, that they should not serve against the cause of independence. Most of the Negroes entered into the Columbian service, and proved excellent soldiers.

‘Bolivar's determined perseverance under the most disheartening circumstances; his skill, ability, and dexterity in amalgamating the different materials which now form the state of Columbia; his courage and coolness in action, and his prudence and foresight in seizing instantaneously all the advantages to be derived from victory, cannot be too much admired; and leave the great Bolivar super-eminent over all others in the Temple of Fame. No man ever yet existed, how great soever the qualities of his mind, who had not some foibles to throw a certain degree of shade over the more brilliant parts of his character. Bolivar is rather hasty in his temper, and frequently, on these occasions, makes use of intemperate expressions, for which he is afterwards extremely sorry, and anxious to



make atonement to the person whose feelings may have been wounded in these unguarded moments. But revenge was never harboured in the bosom of this great man; and nothing short of the atrocities and cruelties committed by the Spaniards against his troops, could ever have induced Bolivar to have carried on against his enemies "une guerre à l'outrance." Bolivar is famed for his hospitality, and delights in seeing his friends happy around him. He is temperate in his diet, drinks a moderate quantity of wine, no spirits, seldom smokes, and is generally the last to retire to rest, and the first to rise. Dancing is one of his favourite amusements, which he performs gracefully; and on these occasions, I am told, the hero reaps a plentiful harvest of smiles from the American beauties. The liberator, as he is called, is a man of gallantry, and has the credit of being very successful. Bolivar is a widower, without children; he was married at Madrid when young, to a daughter of the Marquis of Ulsturon. He speaks French and Italian well, having resided in those countries; also a little English, in which he has improved of late years, by having always had on his personal staff one or two English officers and an English medical man.

Bolivar has escaped assassination on several occasions in quite a miraculous manner. During his residence at Kingston, in Jamaica, he changed his lodging for one in a cooler situation, to which he intended to remove his bed the next day, but altering his plan, he remained there that night, leaving his hammock suspended in his former abode. This his secretary took possession of, and was stabbed to the heart in the night. The assassin was apprehended, and proved to be a young black, whom Bolivar had dismissed from his service. The wretch was hanged for the offence, but remained firm and obstinate in refusing to disclose the names of the persons who had instigated him to the commission of the crime; but it was generally supposed at the time that some of the Spanish agents were at the bottom of this nefarious act.

On another occasion, in one of his campaigns near St. Jose, a Columbian colonel deserted to the enemy, and offered, the same night, to conduct a party of Spaniards to Bolivar's tent, disguised as Creole troops, with the object of either shooting him or taking him prisoner. The offer was accepted by Murillo, and the detachment reached the head-quarters without difficulty. Colonel Lopez, the deserter, had the countersign for the night of the Columbian army, and he stated to one of the president's staff that he had something of importance to communicate to him respecting an intended movement of the enemy, which he had just obtained from a deserter. The officer replied, that he would immediately go to General Bolivar's tent and acquaint him with the circumstance: on which Colonel Lopez and his party rushed on, and when within a few yards of the tent, fired a volley through it, took to flight, and escaped under cover of the darkness of the night. Providentially Bolivar had quitted his tent two or three minutes previously, and was a

few yards in the rear when the firing took place. This caused a general alarm and much confusion for the moment; the troops got under arms, supposing it was a night attack of the Spaniards: and on examination of Bolivar's cot, it was found that three or four holes had perforated it, so that he must have been inevitably killed or severely wounded had he been there.

Bolivar's last escape from assassination was at Lima, in Peru, during the winter of 1824. A Peruvian colonel was found murdered in the street at night, and the manchette (or long knife) buried to the hilt in his body. The knife was brought to Bolivar the next day, who observed, on examining it closely, that it had been recently sharpened. On remarking this, he gave an order that all the cutlers should be brought to his quarters as quickly as possible. On being examined separately, one cutler stated that a black had been to his shop the preceding day to get two long knives sharpened, and that he should certainly know the man if he saw him again. General Bolivar then directed small military patrols to parade the streets, and take up all the blacks as recruits for some of the corps, and when these were shown to the cutler, he soon recognized the Negro who had been at his shop to have the knives sharpened. The black acknowledged that he had stabbed the colonel, and that the other knife had been sharpened for General Bolivar's major-domo to assassinate his master, and that it would be found concealed in the sleeve of the steward's coat. This proved to be the case, but the major-domo's resolution had failed him when about to commit the horrid act. This was the story as related at Bogotá, and it was added that the parties had been instigated to this diabolical treachery by some of the royalists.

I trust that Bolivar's risks and dangers are now nearly over: the Spaniards no longer possess an inch of ground in all South America, excepting Callao, which has been nobly defended by their general, Rodit; but want of provisions must oblige this place to surrender at last. The Spaniards had not a single man-of-war in the Pacific, and were under great apprehensions at this time of an attack on the islands of Cuba and Porto-Rico, from the combined forces of Mexico and Columbia. About this time, Bolivar proved to the world his disinterestedness by refusing a gift of two millions of dollars, which had been voted him by the general congress of Peru, in return for the services he had rendered to the country of the Incas.

We shall continue our extracts next number.

*The Military Sketch-Book. Reminiscences of Seventeen Years in the Service Abroad and At Home.* By an Officer of the Line. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1827. Colburn.

THERE is much of the frankness and an equal quantity of the vanity of military feeling in these volumes. There is, however, such a preponderancy of what is good above what is indifferent, that we can recommend them as likely to prove amusing to a considerable class of readers. The following is a good example of their style:—

#### 'GERAGHTY'S KICK.'

"Send that to your next-door neighbour."

At the battle of Talavera, when the hill on the left of the British line had been retaken from the enemy, after the most obstinate and bloody fighting, the French continued to throw shells upon it with the most destructive precision. One of those terrible instruments of death fell close to a party of grenadiers belonging to the 45th regiment, who were standing on the summit of the hill. The fusee was burning rapidly, and a panic struck upon the minds of the soldiers, for they could not move away from the shell on account of the compact manner in which the troops stood: it was nearly consumed—every rapidly succeeding spark from it promised to be the last—all expected instant death—when Tom Geraghty, a tall raw-boned Irishman, ran towards the shell, crying out, "By J—, I'll have a kick for it, if it was to be my last;" and with a determined push from his foot, sent the load of death whirling off the height. It fell amongst a close column of men below, while Geraghty, leaning over the verge from whence it fell, with the most vehement and good-natured energy, bawled out, "Mind your heads, boys; mind your heads!" Horror!—the shell burst!—it was over in a moment. At least twenty men were shattered to pieces by the explosion!

Geraghty was wholly unconscious of having done any mischief. It was a courageous impulse of the moment, which operated upon him in the first instance; and the injury to the service was not worse than if the shell had remained where it first fell. Self-preservation is positively in favour of the act, considering that there was no other way of escaping from destruction.

Very serious consequences would have still attended the matter, had it not been for the active exertions of the officers; for the men of the regiment, among which the shell was thrown, and who had escaped, were with difficulty prevented from mounting the hill and executing summary punishment upon the grenadiers, from whom the unwelcome messenger had been so unceremoniously despatched. Thus they would have increased to an alarming degree the evil consequences of Geraghty's kick.

An unexpected shower of admiration and flattery, like the sudden possession of great and unexpected wealth, produces evil effects upon a weak head. The perilous kick, instead of exalting Geraghty's fortunes, as it would have done had he been a prudent man, produced the very opposite consequences. He was talked of throughout the regiment—nay, the whole division, for this intrepid act; every body, officers and all, complimented him upon his coolness and courage; and the general who commanded his regiment (Sir John Doyle) gave him the most flattering encouragement. All this was lost upon Geraghty; he was one of those crazy fellows whom nothing but the weight of adversity could bring to any tolerable degree of steadiness; and instead of profiting by his reputed bravery, he gave way to the greatest excesses. Finding that he was tolerated in one, he would indulge in another,



until it became necessary to check the exuberance of his folly. He gave way completely to drunkenness: when under the effects of liquor, although a most inoffensive being when sober, he would try to "carry all before him," as the phrase goes; and having succeeded in this so frequently, amongst the privates and noncommissioned officers of his regiment, the excitement of the excess began to lose its pungency in his imagination, and he determined to extend his enjoyments amongst the officers: this very soon led him to most disagreeable results. It had been ordered that the privates should not walk upon a certain part of the parade in Colchester Barracks. Geraghty, however, thought proper to kick against it as determinedly as he formerly did against the shell. Charged with strong rum, he one day strutted across it in a manner becoming a hero of Talavera (as he thought), and was seen by two of his officers, ensigns, who sent the orderly to desire him to move off the forbidden ground; but Geraghty declined obedience, and told the orderly to "be off to the devil out o' that." The ensigns, on being informed of the disobedience, proceeded to the delinquent, and renewed their orders, which were not only disregarded, but accompanied by a violent assault from Geraghty. The refractory giant seized an ensign in each hand, and having lifted both off the ground, dashed their heads together. This was seen by some other officers and soldiers of the regiment, who all ran instantly to rescue the sufferers from Geraghty's gripe. None could, however, secure him; he raged and threatened vengeance on all who came within the length of his long arms; nor would he have surrendered had it not been for a captain in the regiment, under whose eye he pulled many a trigger against the enemy. This officer approached with a stick, seized him by the collar, and began to lay on in good style. "Leather away," cried Geraghty, "I'll submit to you, captain, and will suffer any thing; flog me, if you like. You are a good sodger, an' saw the enemy; but by J—, I'll not be insulted by brats o' boys who never smelt powder."

The consequences of this violence of course led to punishment: Geraghty was flogged for the mutiny; he received six hundred and fifty lashes, laid heavily on; yet he never uttered a groan during the whole of his suffering; and when taken down, although bleeding, bruised, and doubtless greatly exhausted, assumed an air of insolent triumph; put on his shirt, and boldly walked off to the hospital. The body of the man was overcome,—the pallid cheek, the blood-shot eye, the livid lip, the clammy mouth—all declared it; but the spirit was wholly untouched by the lash: nothing on earth could touch it.

The 87th was subsequently quartered in Guernsey: here the sheriff, a little powdered personage of the forensic faculty, was the immediate cause of another punishment to Geraghty, by having preferred a complaint against him. The deepest enmity towards the civic officer arose in Geraghty's breast, and he vowed vengeance against him. It

happened that after long looking out for the fulfilment of his vow, he met the sheriff one dark night in a narrow way: a moment so precious could not be wasted; so Geraghty, with an oath like the thunder of Jupiter, seized his victim by the collar of his coat and the posterior portion of his pantaloons, and having twirled him in the air just as he would a monkey, flung him "neck and crop" (as the flogger said) over the church-yard wall, which stood full seven feet high, beside the road.

The sheriff received several bruises and a dislocation of the shoulder by the fall, but managed to creep home, after a little rest taken on a grave, quite as much frightened as he was hurt. Of course the necessary steps were taken next day to bring Geraghty to justice; but at the trial the sheriff failed in his evidence, having none but his own oath, while the prisoner proved that he was in bed while the roll was called, and also that he was on parade at six in the morning: the court was of opinion that the sheriff might have been mistaken, and therefore acquitted the graceless grenadier.

General Doyle, however, was not quite convinced of the prisoner's innocence, and although acquitted, he received a private reprimand from the general, who also addressed the regiment publicly upon the necessity of behaving with decorum towards the inhabitants, giving Mr. Geraghty many severe hints upon the sheriff's affair, which showed that Sir John Doyle was not one of those who doubted his delinquency.

"Eighty-seventh," said the general to the regiment in a loud voice, "you have always distinguished yourselves in the field, and have never disgraced yourselves in your quarters: you have fought with the enemies of your country, and not against your countrymen. I trust you will continue to respect the civilian, and thereby respect yourselves. An occurrence has taken place lately which I am shocked at, and if I thought the 87th regiment would practice such gross conduct against the worthy inhabitants of this island, it would break my heart."

This natural appeal had a powerful effect: every man felt as if his own father addressed him, and Geraghty amongst the rest participated in the respectful homage paid to the parent of the corps; for he then was sober, and consequently rational and kind-hearted.

A short time after this the general held a levee, and Geraghty happened to be the sentry on his house. The sheriff having attended, was returning from the door, the general and several friends in the balcony above, elevated at no greater distance than that within which every word spoken at the door could be distinctly heard by them: the sheriff passed close to Geraghty, who, not thinking that there was anybody within hearing, seized the little gentleman by the buttonhole, and forcibly detained him while he addressed him in the following impressive manner:—"Come here, you little rascal!"—the petrified civilian trembling, looked up and listened,—"I tell you what; by J—, if it wasn't that I'd brake the poor owld general's heart, I'd just take an' I'd smash every

bone in your skin this minute; so get out o' my sight, and never come near me again while you've breath in your little body."

Sir John heard the whole of this address, and saw the sheriff hasten to obey the commands of the sentry. He did not bring him to court-martial, for he wisely thought that punishment was wholly useless: however he procured his discharge, as the only means of securing the regiment against the farther consequences of Geraghty's kick.

#### *Dramatic Scenes, Sonnets, and Other Poems.*

By MARY RUSSELL MITFORD. 8vo. pp. 392. London, 1827. Whittaker.

THE exquisite charm of Miss Mitford's compositions consists in their being copies direct from nature. We know of no writer who so completely preserves the freshness and unsullied beauty of the original landscape as this favoured authoress. Her representations look as if the dew was still on them, and her characters speak and move like the bosom friends of every man's youth. Almost every other writer tinges whatever he represents with the colour of his own feelings, and we can, consequently, class them by certain invariable signs, and only take them up in particular moods of our temper. Miss Mitford's is the very voice of nature, and always grateful. Her song is the echo of sweet mountain music; her tale is the record of humanity in its gentlest impulses and fairest forms, and we turn to her writings whenever we long for the country, as the only substitute we know of for green fields and rural recreation.

The present volume is an increase to our former pleasure. We give our readers two specimens of its contents:—

#### THE CAPTIVE.

*Enter Alberto and Theodore.*

*Alberto.* Enter and fear not, trembler. Thou shalt live.

*Theodore.* Ay, that I feared.

*Alb.* Dost hear me, boy? I say That thou shalt live.

*Theo.* I feared so.

*Alb.* Would'st thou die?

*Theo.* If it pleased Heaven, most willingly. I know

That I'm a prisoner. I shall never walk In the sun's blessed light, or feel the touch Of the free air, or hear the summer brook All idly babbling to the moon, or taste The morning breath of flowers. The thousand charms

Which make in our Sicilian isle mere life A thrilling pleasantness, which send a glow Through the poorest serf that tills the happy soil, I am shut out from all. This is my tomb. Uncle, be merciful! I do not ask My throne again—Reign! reign! I have forgot That I was once a king. But let me bide In some small woodland cottage, where green leaves

May wave around me, and cool breezes kiss My brow. Keep me not in a dungeon, uncle, Or this dark gloomy chamber. Let me dwell In some wild forest. I'll not breathe a word—  
*Alb.* Boy! boy!

Cling not about me thus!

*Theo.* Thou wilt have mercy!

Thy heart is softening.

*Alb.* 'Tis too late.—To reign,



And he at liberty! I am a child  
Myself, that won by this child's gentleness  
I seemed to waver. Boy, thy fate is fixed;  
Thyself hast said it. Thou'rt a prisoner,  
And for thy whole life long; a caged bird.  
Be wiser than the feathered fool that beats  
His wings against the wire. Thou shalt have  
all [never!  
Thy heart can ask, save freedom, and that  
I tell thee so in love, and not in hate;  
For I would root out hope and fear, and plant  
Patience in thy young soul.

*Theod.* And Julia?

*Alb.* Her

Thou ne'er must see again.

*Theod.* Never! Is she  
A prisoner too? Not once to say farewell!  
Alas! alas! that bauble of a crown,  
How it makes kind hearts cruel! Thou wast  
In all my little griefs my comforter, [once  
And now—Not see my cousin Julia once!  
Mine own dear cousin Julia! Let me see her  
Once, only once!—only to catch one sound  
Of that sweet voice, and on that whitest hand  
Drop one fond tear, and steal but one of the  
bright

And wavy ringlets from her brow, and pray  
That Heaven may bless her.—Let me see her  
once,

But once, and then I'll walk back to my prison,  
And dream away this winter of a life,  
As a silly dormouse in his Christmas nest  
Sleeps through his six months' night. Turn  
Wast thou born pitiless? [not away!

*Alb.* No. I have quelled  
That dangerous softness. Pretty boy, farewell!  
Rest thee content. No harm shall happen thee.

[Exit.  
*Theod.* Content! Oh mockery of grief!  
Content!

Was't not enough to take away my crown,  
To mew me up here in a living tomb,  
Cut off from every human tie, from thee,  
Julia, my cousin Julia; but my gaoler  
Must bid me be content! Would I were dead!  
Forgive me, Heaven, for my impatience!  
I will take better thoughts. 'Tis but to fancy  
This room a quiet hermitage, and pray  
As hermits use through the long silent hours.  
I shall be innocent. Sure, he's a friend  
That shuts me out from sin. Did he not call me  
A caged bird? I've seen one prune himself,  
And hop from perch to perch, and chirp and  
Merrily! Happy fool, it had forgot [sing  
Blithe liberty! But man, though he should  
drag

A captive's heavy chain, even till he starts  
To hear his own sad voice, cannot forget.  
He wants that blessed gift.—Is not to-day  
The gay procession of the vintagers  
Ere they begin their annual toil? A relic  
Of the old heathen rites! Last year I saw it;  
'Twas a fair pageant; one that might have  
graced

The famous Grecian day, with its long line  
Of maidens tripping under the light load  
Of grape-piled baskets on their heads, and  
youths

With pipes timing their steps, and younger  
girls

And rosy boys dragging the struggling goats,  
By flow'ry garlands. Such procession well  
Had honoured the god Bacchus. She was there,  
And in her innocent gaiety led on  
The virgin troop, distinguished but by grace  
Unrivalled, and a wreath of brightest flowers  
That crowned her brimming basket. How she  
swayed

Her pretty head to the soft double flute,

Whilst ever as she bent, the coronal  
Seemed like to fall, till with a smiling toss  
She flung it up again, and danced along  
With such an airiness, as if her step  
Belonged not to dull earth. Oh, loveliest maid,  
Must I ne'er see thee more!

*Enter Julia, through a secret door.*

Who's there? How cam'st thou?  
Art thou indeed my cousin Julia? Is't  
Thyself, thy living self? I cannot trust  
My sight.

*Julia (giving him her hand).* Dost doubt me

*Theod.* No. But when first [now?  
I saw thee standing with thy pitying eyes  
Fixed on my face, thou seem'dst an angel! Say  
How cam'st thou here?

*Julia.* He,—I'll not call him father—  
He, who imprisoned thee, forgot, or knew not,  
The secret passage, that in one long chain  
Links all the western chambers. Constance  
mark'd

The guarded door. Follow me.

*Theod.* Where?

*Jul.* To freedom!

To happiness!

*Theod.* Now, blessings on thy head!  
Did I not say thou wast an angel? Freedom!  
Ay, that is happiness. A whole life's service  
Were over poor to pay this debt.

*Jul.* We stay

Too long. Come with me.

*Theod.* But to leave thee, sweetest,—  
Perchance in danger,—for should he suspect—  
No! I'll stay here,—my very inmost soul  
Thanks thee, my kindest cousin. But I'll stay,  
I'll not awaken his unnatural hate  
'Gainst thee. He loves thee—but he loved me  
once—

And mated with ambition, even his child,  
His only child, were nothing. I'll stay here,  
In my lone prison. Think of me as one  
Freed from a cumbrous load of state and care,  
Held to the world but by the undying love  
That knits my soul to thine. Go and be happy,  
And in thy bliss shall I be blest. We still  
Shall breathe the same air, Julia. I may catch  
From out my window a short stolen glance  
Of thy fair form; may hear, when distant doors  
Shall chance to open, a brief passing sound  
Of thy dear voice; and sometimes thou may'st  
glide

Even to this gloomy chamber, bringing light,  
And life, and joy. A moment since I pined  
For liberty. Now I would rather dwell  
In a deep dungeon, where such visions come,  
Than fill a throne without them. Thou wilt  
deign

To visit the poor captive, wilt thou not?  
Oh, dearest, to be banished from thy sight  
Were worse than death. Thou'lt come again?  
Away! I fear the king. [But now

*Jul.* He whom thou call'st such  
Is busy at the council. Theodore,  
In mercy follow me! I too shall share  
Thy flight.

*Theo.* Thou! Thou! Oh sweetest, dearest, best!  
I stand as in a dream.—Thou go with me!  
Whither? and wherefore?

*Jul.* Question not; but come.  
There is a Spanish ship in harbour here,  
With her sails spread for instant voyage. My  
Constance

And her bold captain are betrothed. He waits  
With sure disguises, and hath promised us  
A safe and pleasant home in fair Castile.  
A mountain hut close by a gushing spring,  
Where the huge cork-trees fling their heavy  
shade

O'er herds and flocks; and we shall lead a calm

And happy pastoral life; a shepherd thou  
With pipe and crook, and I a cottage maid,  
A careful housewife. Thou shalt see how soon  
I'll learn the rustic craft, to milk my ewes  
Or press the snowy curd, or haply mould  
The richer cheese. Shalt thou not like, dear  
cousin,

To be a shepherd on the downy hills,  
Tending thy flock all day, and I to bring  
Water and country cates, an homely meal,  
And sing and prattle at thy side, most like  
A mountain bee? I'll wager, Theodore,  
I prove the thriftier peasant.

*Theod.* But to bend thee  
To poor and servile toil—

*Jul.* Poor! I have here  
Jewels to buy an earldom. See! a sword too,  
To guard us on the way. Take it. Dear cousin,  
We waste the hour.

*Theod.* My Julia, tempt me not  
To selfish and ungrateful sin. The saints  
May witness for me, that I ever loathed  
Pomp and its slavery. The lot thou offerest  
Hath been the vision of my dreamy hours  
All my life long. But thou so proudly reared  
So delicately served,—thou born a princess,  
And nurtured like a queen, how could'st thou  
bear

The peasant's lowly lot?—Had I the crown  
That once prest my young brow—had I a throne  
To share with thee, my fairest—but an exile—  
A houseless fugitive,—Alas! Alas!  
Tempt me no more, sweet maiden! Stay and  
In thine own Sicily. [reign

*Jul.* I'll stay and die,  
Since thou dost spurn me from thee. Fare thee  
well! [think

Yet, in thy calmer thoughts,—if thou should'st  
Again on thy poor friend—Oh, deem her not  
Bold or unmaidenly! We lived and loved  
As brother and as sister.—

*Theod.* Far, far dearer!

*Jul.* And as a sister in our mutual grief  
I came to thee. Oh, let us fly, dear cousin!  
In pity, let us fly! My cruel father—

*Theod.* Cruel to thee?—to thee!

*Jul.* Alas, to bind

The subtle traitor Lanza to his cause,  
He offers up his child. Another day,  
And I must wed.

*Theod.* Give me the sword. Wed! Cousin,  
I'll fly with thee to the end of the earth. Wed  
Lanza! [thee,

Wed any man! He must fight well that wins  
Boy though I be, my Julia! Haste thee, sweet,  
Each moment's worth an age. Away! Away!

*Jul.* Heaven speed our steps!

*Theod.* Away! [Exeunt.]

The following is of a different character,  
and one of the sweetest sonnets in our lan-  
guage:—

WRITTEN AFTER A VISIT FROM SOME FRIENDS.

I could have lengthened out one fleeting hour  
Into an age; sitting at set of sun

Under the long, low, open shed where won  
The mellow evening light through leaf and  
flower;

Playing the hostess in that summer bower  
To such dear guests, whilst rose the antique  
song

By those young sister voices poured along  
So wild, so pure, so clear, full of sweet power  
Ringing and vibrating. It was a lay  
That sent a smile into the very heart;

As when the early lark shoots up in May  
With his blithe matins, rarer than all art [day,  
Save this. Oh happiest and most fleeting  
Why art thou gone so soon! Why must we part!



*Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry.* By JOHN JOSIAS CONYBEARE, M.A., &c. &c. successively Professor of Anglo-Saxon and of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Edited, together with additional Notes, Introductory Notices, &c. by his brother WILLIAM DANIEL CONYBEARE, M. A. 8vo. London, 1827. Harding and Lepard.

To those who interest themselves in philological researches and the antiquities of our national poetry, it will be already known what obligations Saxon literature has to the late Mr. Conybeare. His communications to the Antiquarian Society, which appeared in the seventeenth volume of the *Archæologia*, and those in the *British Bibliographer*, &c. sufficiently evinced that it was neither without due qualifications nor accordant assiduity that he obtained and upheld his academic professorship of Saxon literature; and it cannot but have been deeply regretted that he should not have lived to complete those *Illustrations of the Early History of English and French Poetry*, his proposals for the publication of which were circulated in the autumn of 1817, and explained, in some detail, by an advertisement inserted in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, for August in that year. It is some consolation, however, that the prosecution of a work (so far as concerns the Anglo-Saxon part) so laudably begun, and which, though frequently interrupted by other necessary occupations and duties, was still in process, should have been resumed by a gentleman and scholar, evidently so well qualified to conduct it to its completion as his surviving brother; and who, though he modestly assumes to himself no other title than that of an editor, has sufficiently shown, by what he has added of his own, whether of commentary or research, his competency as an associate in every department of the undertaking.

Having made this just and general acknowledgment to the merits of the surviving Mr. Conybeare, we shall not, in our notice of this curious and interesting publication, pause to separate, with any particularity, the portions for which we are indebted to the editor from those which had been prepared, and in part arranged by the original author: but shall merely observe that, although the plan of the whole had been devised, and the major part of the materials collected or composed by the latter, not more than eighty pages of the entire volume had passed through the hands of the compositor under his revision, when his labours were arrested by the hand of death.

As our limits will not permit us to examine, with equal attention, all the constituent parts of this volume, we shall proceed briefly to enumerate the contents, in the order in which they are presented; noticing more particularly those only which seem, from our view of the subject, to challenge a more particular regard, or to be most likely to interest the general reader,—and those especially who not having leisure or opportunity for elaborate research into the literary repositories of antiquarian literature, may, nevertheless, be desirous of knowing something more of the genius and intellectual

character of their remote ancestors than is to be derived from the brief, and in many respects inaccurate representations of our popular historians.

The work consists, *first*, of an Introductory Essay on the Metre of Anglo-Saxon Poetry, including a reprint of the two communications upon that subject to the Antiquarian Society; a Recapitulation of the Metrical Laws; a Comparative View of Icelandic and Ancient Teutonic Metres, of the Alliterative Metres of the Celtic Nations, and on the Derivation of the later English Alliterative Metres. *Secondly*, an Arranged Catalogue of all the extant Remains of Anglo-Saxon Poetry, with some specimens not noticed in the body of the work, particularly the Poem on the Death of Byrhtnoth, breathing, we should say, no small portion of Homeric fire, and not unworthy of having formed an episode in a national epic, and presenting apparently so faithful a representation of the military manners and modes of warfare of the times, as to be equally interesting to the antiquary, the historian, and the poet. Then follow the *Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry*, as completed for the press during the author's life, including Hymns of Cædmon and of the venerable Bede, the former, the earliest authenticated specimen of Saxon poetry extant; the Song of the Traveller, a curious document of the mode of life and estimation of the wandering scalds, or minstrels of the north; and an Analysis, with metrical versions of many of the striking passages of the Poem on the Exploits of Beowulf, unquestionably the oldest specimen of heroic (we might say, with Mr. Conybeare, epic) poetry in any language of 'modern, or, to speak more correctly, *barbarous Europe*.' We have then an appendix, consisting of materials, not arranged during the author's life, but intended for the work, and in part previously published in the *Archæologia*, *British Bibliographer*, and the notes to the author's Analysis of the Norman Metrical Romance of Octavian, of which a limited impression was formerly printed for private distribution, and in part, also, from the MSS. lectures. This appendix includes the Battle of Finsborough, 'discovered by the celebrated Hickes, on a single leaf, bound up with a MS. volume of Homilies, preserved in the Archbishop's Library of Lambeth, whence he transcribed and published it in the first volume of his *Thesaurus*;' Specimens of the Junian Cædmon, that is to say of the Scriptural poem on the creation, fall of the angels, the deluge, &c. attributed to Cædmon by the learned Junius, and from which Milton evidently took many important hints for the plan and execution of his *Paradise Lost*; Specimens of the poems of various character and description preserved in the Exeter Manuscript, which was presented by Bishop Leofric to his cathedral of Exeter some time between 1046 and 1073; an account, with specimens, of the Ælfridian version of the Metres of Boethius; and with specimens, also, of a Norman-Saxon poem of Death.

Each of these respective portions is accompanied by learned notes, many of them,

of course, merely of verbal criticism, but many, also, replete with curious information, more or less interesting in proportion to the familiarity of the reader with this department of literature. There are, also, superadded editorial Corrigenda and Addenda, compressing, in a few closely-printed pages, the result of no small portion of critical acumen and historical research.

We should add, before we proceed to more particular animadversion or quotation, that the specimens of Anglo-Saxon and other metres are generally accompanied by translations, some of them into Latin in corresponding parallel columns, as

Wered, Wuldor, cininz, { *exercituum, gloriæ-*  
 Wordum, herigen, { *regem,*  
 Modum, lufien, { *verbis exaltemus,*  
 Others with a translation, line for line, in like manner, into modern English, as

Da hafde Ænzlene Ard { Then hath the Eng-  
 lish earth

Ðat Alrebezle hereward. { That most excellent ruler.

To which in several instances, and, indeed, in all that may be regarded as most interesting, are added spirited versions, in some instances rather free and paraphrastic, in blank verse or in rhyme; so that even those readers who are not disposed to pore into the profound of antiquarian research, may yet be enabled to have some taste of the quality (as far as relates to ideas and the inventive part) of the poetry of their primitive ancestors. Of one of those, however, that may be deemed among the most interesting, the Poem on the Death of Byrhtnoth, (one of the valuable additions made by the editor,) and which contains the only 'adequate example of the attempts of our Saxon writers to paint the pomp and circumstance of war,' Mr. W. D. Conybeare informs us that

'He has not inserted the original Saxon, in the understanding that it is the intention of Mr. Price, (to whose kindness he is indebted for the transcript whence the version is made), to publish it critically in the work on Saxon poetry\*, which he has announced in his very valuable edition of Warton's *History of English Poetry*.'

Of this poem, (whether from the desire of exact fidelity, or from a diffidence, evidently unnecessary, of the editor in his own powers of poetical translation,) the version presented is not metrical; in which circumstance, however, there is this advantage, that it presents the more unequivocal evidence of the poetic spirit of the original, which even without the adornments of metrical numbers, or the charms of versification can appear to such advantage. In the perusal, it is utterly impossible for any reader to avoid observing the strong resemblances it bears to the battles in the *Iliad*. The speeches, exhortations, defiance, and retorts of the chieftains, their single combats during the heat of the conflict, the contentions for the arms and trophies over the bodies of the fallen, all remind us of the Homeric field; mixed, however, as a further evidence of its fidelity, as a picture of the customs and manners of the

\* For which we shall look with considerable interest and expectation.



times, with some portion of that romantic and chivalrous spirit, which, though generally regarded as exclusively of Norman origin, indubitably existed (shall we say in greater purity) among our Saxon ancestors, though its feudal 'pompe and circumstance' was of later date. A quotation or two from this very ancient poem (evidently composed very shortly after the battle it celebrates, which was fought between the Danes and Saxons A. D. 991) will probably be acceptable to our readers.

'The herald of the Vikings stood in his station: stoutly he called forth; and advancing opposite, spake in these words to proclaim the threatenings of the pirate host, their embassy to the earl:—"The seamen bold send me to thee; they bid me say that thou must deliver to them forthwith thy treasures for thy safety: better it is for you that ye should buy off this warfare with tribute, than that we should wage so hard a conflict. It boots not that we should slay each other: if ye will assent to this, we will ratify a peace with gold.—Then will we with our booty repaire again to our ships, and hold true with you."

'Byrthnoth spake. He upraised his buckler, he shook his slender javelin; stern and resolute he uttered his words, and gave him answer:—"Hear, thou mariner, what this people sayeth: they will for tribute bestow on you their weapons—the edge of their spears, their ancient swords and arms of war, which shall not avail you in the fight. Herald of the men of the ocean! deliver to thy people a message in return—a declaration of high indignation. Say that here stand undaunted an earl with his retainers, who will defend this land, the dominion of my sovereign Ethelred, his people, and his territory; and the heathen shall perish in the conflict. I deem it too dastardly that ye should retire with your booty to your ships without joining in battle, since ye have advanced thus far into our land, nor shall ye so softly win our treasures; but point and edge shall first determine between us in the grim gain of war ere we give you tribute."

But the river Blackwater (at Maldon, in Essex,) was between them; and the chivalrous Saxon establishes a bridge, that the enemy may come over to him to close quarters:—

'The warriors march till all stood by the side of the æstuary; but the hosts could not engage with each other for the water, since the flood had come flowing in after the ebb, and the streaming tide separated them; they thought the interval too long before they might mingle their weapons together: the army of the East-Saxons and the host of the ashen ship begirt with their throngs the river, nor could any of them wound his enemy unless through the arrow's flight he achieved his fall: the flood retired; then stood there ready many Vikings of the fleet, eager for the fight. Then the chief, the defence of his soldiers, commanded a warrior hardy in battle and prompt in spirit, to establish a bridge: his name was Wulfstan; he was the son of Ceola; he, with his franca, (a sort of javelin,) shot the foremost man that

with the most courage stept upon the bridge. With Wulfstan stood two dauntless champions, Ælfere and Marcus, both high-souled warriors; they would not turn in flight from the ford, but resolutely defended it against the foe, so long as they might wield their weapon.'

The death of the hero of the poem, and the conflict over his body, is related in a manner highly interesting, and but for the known impossibility of any acquaintance of the author with Grecian literature, might, in some of its parts, be thought almost a translation from contest for the arms of Patroclus:—

'Then the (Danish) chieftain raised up his weapon, his buckler for his defence, and stept forth against that lord. The earl, with equal eagerness, advanced against the earl; either meditated evil against the other. The sea chief then sped a southern dart, so that the lord of the army was wounded: he manoeuvred with his shield that the shaft burst, and the spear sprang back and recoiled: the chief was incensed, and pierced, with his dart, the exulting Viking who had given him that wound. Skilful was the hero: he caused his fran to traverse the neck of the youth: he directed his hand, so that with sudden destruction he might reach his life: then speedily he shot off another, so that his mail was pierced, and he was wounded in the breast through its ringed chains; and the javelin point stood in his heart. Then was the earl blithe: the stern warrior laughed, and uttered thanks to his Creator for the work of that day which the lord had given him. But then some one of the enemies let fly a dart from his hand, which transfixing the noble thane of Ethelred: there stood by his side a youth not fully grown, a boy in the field, the son of Wulfstan, Wulfonar the young; he eagerly plucked from the chief the bloody weapon, and sent it to speed again on its destructive journey: the dart passed on till it laid on the earth him who had too surely reached his lord.

'Then a treacherous soldier approached the earl, to plunder from the chieftain his gems, his vestments, and his rings, and his ornamented sword; but Byrthnoth drew from his sheath his battle-axe, broad and brown of edge, and smote him on his corslet: very eagerly the pirate left him, when he felt the force of the chieftain's arm. But at that moment his large hilted sword drooped to the earth—he could no longer hold his hard glove, nor wield his weapon; yet the hoary warrior still endeavoured to utter his commands: he bade the warlike youths, his brave companions, march forwards. Then might he no longer stand firmly on his feet.'

Then follows his dying ejaculation and thanks to the 'Lord of Nations,' 'for all the prosperity he had experienced on earth,' &c. A spirited description ensues of the continuation of the battle; the flight of some of the followers of the fallen chief; the resolute fidelity of others; the reproachful upbraidings of the timid, the encouragement of the brave, with many allusions, that bring before us the hospitable as well as martial manners of the age, and the state of intercourse and obligation between chieftains and their followers.

The following passage may give some farther idea of the epic spirit of the description:—

'Then yet stood in the array Edward the tall chief, prompt and strenuous: he vowed, in haughty words, "that he would not yield a foot's breadth of earth, nor turn his back in flight, since his superior lay dead. He broke through the wall of shields, and fought against the foe until he had worthily avenged his lord, liberal in largess, on the men of the sea, before he himself fell among the slaughtered. The same did Ætheric, his noble comrade, eager and impetuous, the brother of Sebyrht: stoutly he fought, and very many others: they clove the bucklers; keen were they: they burst the covering of the shields; and the hauberk sang a strain of terror."

A narrative of the action, thus poetically celebrated, is also quoted from the chronicles of the church of Ely; which, if space could permit, we should be tempted to transcribe, as a tribute due to the memory of a hero, who (in a certain sense,) may be said to have been 'the last of the Saxons'—the last of those who, in the degenerate days of 'Ethelred the unready,' met the invading enemy resolutely in arms, instead of buying their retreat with unavailing tribute. There can be little doubt that the circumstance of his liberality to the church, is that which has caused his more unequivocal virtues being so fully recorded: but whatever might be the motive of the chronicler, it is gratifying to meet with such a record of the worth and valour of a patriot who 'devoted his life, through its entire course, to the defence of the liberties of his country; being wholly engrossed with the desire rather to die than suffer a single injury offered to his native land to pass unrevenged.' 'All the chieftains of the neighbouring provinces relying on the known loyalty and fidelity of Brithnoth had pledged themselves to serve beneath his victorious banner.'

To the general reader, the analysis and copious extracts from the much longer Anglo-Saxon poem, concerning the exploits of Beowulf the Dane, will undoubtedly be still more interesting,—we should say of the *two* poems; for the action of the first twenty-nine cantos, is perfectly distinct from that of the remaining fourteen. It presents an extraordinary mixture of the epic character with that of the Gothic romance, which would be perfectly inexplicable, if the theory of Warton, and those of his school, were to be admitted, that the wild and splendid fictions and machinery of the old romance had been imported into Europe from the east, at the time of the Crusades. But the poem itself does, in fact, completely upset that theory: for though, *originally*, it appears to have been composed not later than about the end of the fourth century, and, in its present shape, not to be at any rate more recent than the time of Canute; we have, in this northern epic legend, all the characteristic materials, imagery and machinery, by which the Gothic romances are distinguished. The fiery dragon (or fire-drake,) guarding, in an enchanted cave, the uphoarded treasure of ages and desolating regions, in revenge for the violation of its sanctuary—the grendel, (or giant man-fiend,) invulnerable to mortal sword,—the



superhuman sorceress, in hideous den, by—

'Rude crag and trackless steep,  
Where from the headlong cliff rolls arrowy down  
The fiery stream, whose wild and wondrous  
waves

The frequent and fast-rooted wood o'erhangs,  
Shrouding them even as with warrior's helm;  
Where nightly mayst thou see a sight of dread,  
The flood of living fame;  
and which is accessible only by

'Steep and uncouth way,  
By cliff and caverned rock, that housed within  
The monsters of the flood;  
and the strand, of whose

'Troublous and blood-stained stream that rolled  
beneath

Was held by many a fell and uncouth foe,  
Monster and worm and dragon of the deep.'

Nor is the description of the arms of the hero  
less accordant with the style of the supposed  
Saracen-derived romance:—

'Now armed in proof, and resolute to dare  
The terrors of that sea-flood, stood the Dane.  
Bright was the helm, and of no vulgar price,  
That decked his head; for there the workman's  
art

In days of old had wrought a wondrous charm,  
The savage bear's rude semblance: so nor brand  
Nor battle blade might harm the warrior's life.'

So, again, his good sword Hrunting.

'Treasured from of old,  
The armory's pride; high tempered was the  
blade,

In herbs of strange and magic virtue steeped;  
Ne'er in the brunt of battle had it failed,  
His hand who durst essay the champion's path  
Of dread and danger.'

But even this would not have availed him  
against the gigantic and semi-demon sorce-  
ress; for when he had 'impetuous braved  
the whelming surge,' and found himself in  
the regions, 'where the fire-flood shed its  
deep and livid light.'

'The female [the mother of the Grendel]  
who had for ages held undisputed possession  
of these domains, seized and dragged him,  
encumbered as he was by his armour, 'to  
the bottom of the flood,' and though he es-  
caped through the attacks of many of her  
attendant monsters without injury, and from  
the destructive element which surrounded  
him, still the conflict with the Grendel hag  
was doubtful till he spied,

'Mid the treasures of that realm,  
A wondrous brand and vast; keen was the  
blade,

For Jutes had forged it in the days of old.  
He saw and marked its power;—no feebl-  
er hand

In the stern play of battle had sufficed  
To wield its giant fabric.'

With this spell wrought weapon, however,  
he, with a furious blow, slays the sorceress,  
who

'To the dust  
Fell headlong, and, its work of slaughter done,  
The gallant sword dropped fast a gory dew.  
Instant, as the heaven's glorious torch had  
shone,

Light was upon the gloom,—all radiant light  
From that dark mansion's inmost caves burst  
forth.'

The hero then 'paces the wide confines of  
the Grendel's hold' in quest of his former  
antagonist, the son of the sorceress, whose  
arm he had rent away from its socket, in a

tremendous conflict with that miscreant who  
had invaded, with canibal intent, the festal  
hall or palace of the King of the West Danes,  
whom Beowulf had undertaken to defend.  
He found, however, (as might be expected),  
the mangled miscreant already lifeless; but  
being desirous of bearing away some trophy  
of his victory with a second blow of the  
Juttish weapon, he severs his head from  
his body; and in cataspe, the marvellous  
sword itself, the adventure achieved, 'so  
worked the venom of the felon's blood, drop-  
ped to the ground a molten mass.' Well,  
therefore, might Mr. Conybeare observe, that

'The dragon furnished with wings and  
breathing flame, the sword which melts at  
the touch of Juttish blood, the unearthly  
light which pervades the cave of the Grendel,  
and beams from the magic statues presiding  
over that of the Firedrake, had they occurred  
in a poem of later date, would, in all pro-  
bability, have been considered as undoubted  
importations of the Crusaders.'

As the editor, however, elsewhere very  
pertinently admits that the Grendel of the  
Scandinavian bard and the Cyclop of the  
Grecian, the dragons of Gothic romance and  
those of classical Jason fable, the Odin of  
the North and the Budah of the East, (though  
in a much more remote antiquity than has  
generally been assigned,) have all their origin  
from one common Asiatic source—the com-  
mon cradle, (we may add,) it should seem,  
of poetic fiction and of human population.

In these extracts it has not been our object  
to give any precise idea of the *specific action*  
of either of the two parts of the poem of  
Beowulf. Such an attempt would have led us  
into too much length, and precluded us from  
exercising the critical part of our function  
upon points which, in a literary point of  
view, we deem of more importance. To  
those who have a taste for this kind of li-  
erature, we recommend Mr. Conybeare's vo-  
lume, well assured that if there were nothing  
else in it worthy of note, (and there is abun-  
dantly), the abstract and specimens of this  
poem of Beowulf would amply reward their  
attention. We shall only, upon this subject,  
further observe that, romantic as are the fa-  
bles and machinery of the two parts of this  
poem, the conduct of both, if detached one  
from the other, would be found almost strictly  
conformable to the simplicity of the epic or  
classic model.

The identification of the fables and fictions  
of Gothic romance with those of Scandina-  
vian extraction, and of both, together with  
those of classic poetry, in one common orien-  
tal origin, is an incidental only, not the pri-  
mary object of the work before us. For that  
principal object, (and as matter of critical  
curiosity and critical investigation, it is an  
important one, more even for its bearings  
than the immediate question), we must refer  
back to the Introductory Essay, and the opi-  
nions there divulged. But as with respect to  
this essential part of the labours both of the  
author and the editor, we have something to  
object, something to question, though much  
more to approve; and as the investigation  
will lead us into many more considerations  
than appear to have suggested themselves to

those in general who, in modern times, have  
written upon the subjects of metre rhythm  
and prosody, we must adjourn that portion  
of our review of this very valuable work to  
our ensuing number.

#### TRAVELS FROM INDIA TO ENGLAND.

(Continued from p. 260.)

WE continue our extracts from this very  
amusing volume of travels:—

'On the 14th June, at two o'clock, we  
rose, mounted, and proceeded towards the  
eastward, along the foot of the limestone hills  
which bounded on each side the long valley  
of Kazeroon. We were accompanied by  
eight matchlock-men and two Illyauts, armed  
with spears; four horsemen also strengthened  
the party. Having marched four miles, the  
guides requested us to dismount, as they  
could not proceed for the cold. We had  
crossed several streams, on the banks of  
which were juniper bushas, and our legs had  
got wet; we therefore complied with their  
request, and halted on a threshold-floor, cir-  
cular, and the bottom of hard beaten clay.  
Our conductors lighted a large fire, and hav-  
ing warmed themselves for half an hour, we  
remounted, and after an hour's ride, found  
ourselves amongst the ruins of Shapoor. We  
first crossed a broad ditch, through which a  
stream of water flowed, and scrambling up  
the face of a decayed curtain, found ourselves  
on the top of the ancient rampart, and saw  
the extensive remains of stone-built houses  
below us. At this moment I experienced  
the shock of an earthquake; it seemed to  
pass from south to north, accompanied by a  
long rumbling noise among the hills, and a  
sudden oppressive heat in the atmosphere.

'We now proceeded along the wall, with  
the remains of round stone bastions at inter-  
vals, in a southerly direction. I observed  
that very few of the walls of the houses were  
standing, and from the few that were erect  
the cement had been washed out from be-  
tween the stones. Upon reaching the south-  
west angle of the city wall, the matchlock-men  
fired several times, and loading with ball,  
preceded us through a narrow gorge between  
two hills. On our left ran a clear and rapid  
river, called the Sasoon, which, after passing  
the ruins, acquires the name of Shapoor, and  
after crossing the saline bed, as before men-  
tioned, is termed Shoora. This information  
we derived from Noor Mahomed, who ac-  
companied us: as to the authenticity of it I  
cannot answer. On the left bank of the  
river, and behind some high reeds, appeared  
several sculptures on the rock: these we in-  
tended visiting after returning from the cave.  
Proceeding further, on our right, we passed  
a sculpture very much effaced: it represent-  
ed a bull, and one or two men seemingly in  
procession. Beyond this is the large group  
of bas-reliefs of which a plate is given in  
Malcolm's Persia. The hill above these  
sculptures, on our right, seemed to have been  
the citadel of Shapoor, as the remains of enor-  
mously thick walls were visible all over it.

'Having advanced about half a mile into  
the valley of the cave, which resembles an  
isocles, (the upper part of the valley on the  
right, or apex, being opposite to and a mile



from the cave in the centre of the base of the triangle,) we crossed the river. Here our guides proved themselves to be excellent marksmen, by killing three large grayling, with their matchlocks. I never saw a finer stream for fly-fishing than this; it seemed completely alive with fish. Proceeding along the left bank (but, more correctly speaking, the right bank, as we were going up the stream,) we found ourselves under the cave, and began to ascend, still keeping on horseback. It is here necessary to remark, that the hills which surround this triangular valley are, as usual, calcareous. The base of the triangle, or hill, in which the cave is situated, is apparently one thousand feet in height: four hundred feet is a naked and perpendicular scarp; one hundred feet from the bottom of the scarp is the cave; from the bottom of the scarp to the river the angle of descent is seemingly not far off forty-five degrees. The strata of the hills dip backwards from the valley in three different directions: the dip of the strata of the hill in which the cave is situated is apparently towards the north-west: angle of inclination eight or ten degrees. I do not pretend to be correct in either the height or directions, as I was unprovided with a quadrant and compass, having been hurried off from India so suddenly.

'We ascended about a third of the way to the bottom of the scarp on horseback, when, wishing to save our steeds, we dismounted and proceeded on foot. However, Noor Mahomed scrambled up on his unfortunate horse the whole way, sending down showers of stones at every step. Persians are very merciless, especially in regard to the inferior animals. They ride their horses furiously over the roughest ground and along the sides of hills, without the least concern. They are not generally better horsemen than Englishmen. It is almost impossible to fall from a Persian saddle: the pommel terminates in a wooden handle, surmounted by a carved ornament, resembling a fleur-de-lis; of this they make use when in danger of falling. Place a Persian on a hunting saddle, and desire him to gallop over a plain, he would be sprawling on the ground in five minutes.

'After scrambling up the deep ascent for about twenty minutes, we attained the bottom of the scarp. I here found abundance of wild oats, bitter almonds, white hollyhock, abundance of the true Scotch thistle, and several varieties of moss, with a few lichens. Proceeding along the foot of the scarp for some distance, we came to a rock twelve feet in height; up this we mounted, with the assistance of our guides. Thinking that we were now close to the great cave, and wishing to be the first to enter it, I turned to the left, and found an arch under a rock. I called out to the rest to follow, but the guides said that the great cave was much further up. Accordingly, after ascending some distance, we came to the mouth, which is upwards of one hundred and thirty feet in length, (across,) and fifty in height. Standing at the entrance, the appearance is very striking; for the cave seems to diminish from the entrance to a small black spot, but it does not diminish in height. There is a great descent,

and in the centre lies the mutilated statue of a king, supposed to be the only statue in the country. We did not stand long to contemplate the interior from the entrance, but ran down the slope in search of water. Passing the prostrate king, we found a square tank on the left, but no water. Immediately opposite to us was a large stalactite, called the Lamp of Shapoor; this overlooked a deep pit, forming the floor of a lofty hall, one hundred feet in height. The sides of this circular hall, as well as of the long gallery of entrance, (where we were obliged to light torches, though directly opposite the entrance,) were entirely covered by a thick coating of stalactite: no part of the rock was visible. In some places the stalactites stood out from the sides, like trunks of trees, and forming many fantastic figures; from the roof several hung in a threatening position. The floor was covered by a rich mould, arising from the dung of birds, for several pigeons were disturbed by us. We also found traces of Muhumud Soonee robbers.

'Having got down to the bottom of the circular hall, we observed galleries running in different directions. We, of course, inquired particularly for the passage that would lead to the water, and were told it was straight forward: we accordingly entered another lofty chamber, and found a large elliptical tank, but not a drop of water in it. What rendered our case worse was, that we heard water dropping on every side of us. Though the place was delightfully cool, our thirst was intense, and we had expended the small skin we had brought with us from the river in the ascent. We now proceeded directly forward, and entered another large hall, and then a chamber resembling a Hindoo temple. The stalactites bore the appearance of stout square pillars, on which were laid architraves. After this we penetrated to the end of a chamber, but had to crawl on our hands and knees. We now returned to the elliptical tank, and turning into a hall opposite to it, with our cheeks adhering to our jaws, to our great joy we found on the floor beautifully cool and transparent water, sufficient for a herd of elephants. After allaying our thirst, we went into several other galleries and chambers, the sides, roofs, and floors of which were entirely covered by greyish white stalactites and stalagmites, we returned to the entrance.

'The tradition regarding the statue of the king, in the centre of the gallery of entrance, is as follows: it was evidently hewn from an immense block of limestone in the place where it now lies, with the head in the dust, and the stumps of the legs resting on the pedestal; before it was thrown from which it must have been fifteen or twenty feet in height, consequently presenting a formidable object in the cave. Two brothers hunting on the mountains, one of them entered the cave, and seeing this tremendous object staring at him, was so overpowered by fear, that he fell down and died on the spot. The other brother coming to the cave shortly after, and seeing his brother lying dead at the entrance, guessed the cause, and threw down the statue.

'It was now eight a. m.: we descended to

our horses, and mounting them, proceeded to the large sculpture, which is quite entire, crossed the river, and sat down under the ledge of a rock which protects it from the weather. We saw snow from hence on a distant hill. In proceeding to the ledge, it was disgusting to observe the cruelty and insolence of our guides. We met two or three poor travellers proceeding through the valley, and our rascals rushed at them in a body, with drawn swords, threatening to kill them if they did not give their shoes and other articles they had about them. We had some difficulty in putting a stop to their infamous attempts.

'After having recruited ourselves under the bas-reliefs, which represent a king on horseback, with a globe or balloon-shaped crown: beneath him is the prostrate figure of a man. These two are supposed to represent King Shapoor, who subdued the Roman emperor Valerian, and used him as a step by which to mount his horse. Behind the king is a short figure, probably the son of King Shapoor. Three figures (apparently Roman) are approaching them in a supplicating attitude. Between the head of the nearest one and that of the horse is an inscription in the Pehlevi. Behind the king, in several compartments, are many mounted figures of Persians, and opposite, those of Roman foot soldiers, all the figures as large as life.

'We crossed the river to view the sculptures on the other side, and attaining the foot of the mountain, we found that we had to proceed along the bottom of an aqueduct to reach them. This was in some places breast high, and overhung with brambles and reeds: where it was carried under the rock, we had to crawl on our hands and knees. The first sculptures we came to were exceedingly beautiful, being cut in a semicircle: they consisted of many rows of small figures, seemingly in procession, with offerings. The next were busts of men and a camel. The third and last displayed a very spirited representation of King Ardashir resigning the circlet of royalty into the hands of his son Shapoor. They appear to be approaching each other on horseback; the father is much larger than the son, and wears the globe-like crown.

'We re-crossed the river, the banks of which were clothed with myrtles, willows, and splendid rhododendrons, and wandered amongst the ruins of the city, which was attended with great danger, from the numerous wells communicating with the subterranean aqueducts, or kanauts. We came to the remains of Guebre burial-ground. It was a large square pit, the sides lined with stone, and the highest part of the wall rising ten or twelve feet above the surface of the ground; on this there were three cows' heads, between which the ends of beams probably rested, supporting a roof, which covered the whole. On this the bodies were exposed; and when the bones had been picked clean by birds, they were thrown down a hole in the centre of the roof into a well below.'



COLLECTION OF PAPERS RELATING TO THE  
THAMES QUAY, &c.

(Concluded from page 258.)

THERE is no city with such magnificent bridges, where the river itself contributes so little to ornament, or is so blocked up with unsightly buildings, as London. While the banks of the Neva, the Seine, the Adige, and the Arno, are flanked by spacious quays and stately edifices, those of the Thames, for the whole extent of its course through the metropolis, are deformed by erections of the most ordinary description, with the single exception of the Adelphi and the terrace at Somerset House. Great, therefore, would be our pleasure at learning that Col. Trench's plan for forming a quay along the north bank of the river, was likely to be carried into effect. It would commence at the west extremity of the Strand, through a handsome street, with porticos on each side; and would be a continued terrace, twenty-five feet high, raised on arches, and having a range of elegant houses. This would form, altogether, a spacious and magnificent promenade, extending about two thousand feet; of the effect of which, some idea may be formed, by imagining the present terrace of Somerset House to be continued along the river. And not only would the view from the terrace be exceedingly delightful, but the structure itself would form a magnificent object, whether beheld from the river, the opposite banks, or the bridges;—bearing a considerable resemblance to an ancient aqueduct. Of the advantage, too, arising from the facility of communication that would thus be opened between the west end of the town and the city, there can be hardly any doubt or difference of opinion; or of the public benefit that would be derived from an airy and open promenade of such an extent. Laudable, however, as the project is, it has met with serious opposition, both from the newspapers and from those who conceive that their private interests would be injured by its adoption. So far has the colonel been from wishing to conceal these objections and cavillings to his plan, that he has inserted them in his work, leaving the reader to judge of their fairness. Unfortunately, we never find any thing like public spirit in individuals, when any plans of improvement are brought forward, that may call for the least sacrifice on their parts, or at all affect them, however remotely. On the contrary, the most extravagant demands are made for compensation, if houses are to be purchased for carrying such alterations into effect. The formation of new streets and squares, doubtless, tend to the depreciation of property in other districts; yet are we on that account to desist from building more tastefully and conveniently than hitherto? At this rate, we might still be mewed up in narrow lanes, as our ancestors were content to be. But the inhabitants of the Strand are alarmed at the idea of a quay along the Thames, conceiving it fraught with nothing less than utter ruin to themselves; and anticipating that the grass would almost grow on the pavement before their doors. Were it proposed to build shops along the projected terrace, there might be some reason for their apprehensions; but

as there would be only private residences, such an increase of buildings, in their immediate neighbourhood, would be more likely to add to their customers. Although there would of course be less crowd and bustle in the Strand than at present, it by no means follows that there would be at all less business carried on there than before, while there would certainly not be less attraction to that part of the town, either for strangers or residents. How many thousands are there who daily pass through this thoroughfare without entering a shop. Those who wanted to make purchases or execute business, would still go through the Strand; those who did not, would prefer the other route, as the more agreeable. It appears, therefore, to us, that the shops in Pall Mall might as reasonably object to St. James's Park, as attracting their customers from them. At least, let the inhabitants of the Strand, if they are so adverse to the proposed quay, obviate in some degree the necessity for it by widening and improving that narrow street. In our opinion, of all Colonel Trench's plans, this is by far the most desirable one; and that which would prove of the greatest public utility, while it is infinitely more feasible than that of the street which we have noticed.

Another plan of extensive improvement here submitted to the public, is for altering the various buildings adjoining Westminster Hall, and connected with the two houses of Parliament. With this view, Colonel Trench has given designs, made by Mr. Philip Wyatt, for three façades. In the centre of that facing the north would be the Hall, with two wings in a similar style of architecture and not much unlike the one now erected for the new law courts. All the houses at present between the river and the Hall would be removed, and fronting the river a range of buildings, in which the House of Commons would form a prominent feature, would be erected. This would form not a single façade, but various groups of buildings, comprising the speaker's house, the House of Commons, the end of the Painted Chamber restored, and new buildings for committee rooms, &c. The side towards St. Margaret's Church he also proposes to have altered, substituting for the present façade, one harmonizing with the rest of the structure, so as to form one extensive pile, which, although it would vary considerably in each front, would present sufficient congruity upon the whole. In the centre of this side would be an entrance gate, with a spacious bay window above it, and a lofty gable with a rose window. This part would be flanked with turrets, terminating in rich niches and octangular cupolas similar to the buttresses of the adjacent structure, Henry the Seventh's Chapel. There is no doubt but that these ideas will be partially adopted, so far as relates to the completion and extension of the north front, by erecting another wing to the east of the Hall, the want of which is obvious to every one, while the facility of forming it is equally evident. This alteration would doubtless lead to some improvement on the side towards the river, although hardly to the extent here contemplated. But with regard to the western façade, totally dissimilar as it

is to all the rest, we suspect that nothing will be attempted. Yet this may in fact be considered as a distinct building, and unless St. Margaret's Church were taken down, so as to afford an unobstructed view of the Abbey, we think it would be hardly worth while.

In addition to the various plans we have noticed, Col. Trench has introduced plans, elevations, and sections of York House. These are very interesting, as affording a very satisfactory idea of an edifice, of which no other representations have been published; and we agree with the colonel, that it is externally a chaste and handsome piece of architecture. But of the interior arrangement we do not think so favourably, there being no access to the principal apartments on the ground floor, except through a narrow corridor on either side the hall, lighted by a single window at one end. The lesser drawing-rooms, also, are very small, with the windows on the narrowest side, and two close together: one window in each of these rooms would have been sufficient, and have had a better effect externally. Then, again, the doors are neither in the centre nor at the angles of the side of the room opposite the windows. These are blemishes which a little study might have obviated; nor are these our sole objections, for the style of decoration adopted in the hall and grand dining room is positively hideous, the walls being covered with panels, in the old heavy French taste, a species of decoration at once expensive and uncouth, and that we hoped was now for ever exploded. The doors are of the same barbarous design.

We have spoken unreservedly, yet, we hope, candidly of this work; and however we may dissent from Colonel Trench, as to either the practicability or utility of some of his plans, there are others with which we heartily concur; or differ as we may from him upon points of taste—for instance when he prefers Richmond Terrace to the magnificent building erected for the Board of Trade,—we think that the application he has bestowed on the subject does him great credit, that his book and the documents it contains are highly interesting, and will hereafter prove of great historical value, as connected with the history and topography of the metropolis and its improvements.

*A Compendious Introduction to the Study of the Bible.* By THO. HARTWELL HORNE, M. A. 12mo. pp. 552. Second Edition, corrected. London, 1827, Cadell; Edinburgh, Blackwood; Dublin, Milliken.

To say anything now in praise of Mr. Horne's Introduction to the critical Knowledge and Study of the Scriptures, of which this little work contains the substance, is altogether superfluous. From the time of its first announcement it met with the approbation of those competent to judge of its merits; and with every succeeding edition, the acknowledgment of its claims to universal patronage has been increased. The very fact that the author consumed *twenty years* of his arduous life in its composition, and expended many hundred pounds in procuring its materials, should go far to recommend it in the view of a discerning public; and he has the



satisfaction of knowing that it 'has been adopted as a text-book in our British universities and other seminaries of theological learning, as also in various colleges and academical institutions in North America.'

But not to urge, there are persons whose limited incomes will not allow of their purchasing large, though invaluable books, there are a variety of advantages which must attend the publication of such an abridgment of the work now referred to, as is presented to the public. We conceive this Compendious Introduction will be of incalculable use to all students in divinity; and, indeed, to all persons who desire to give a reason for their Christian hope, or to build up themselves in their holy faith. For our own parts, so thoroughly are we convinced of the important service rendered by Mr. Horne, in advancing theological literature, that we hope his labours will meet with some proportionate reward from that church, of which he is so distinguished a member and minister.

This Compendious Introduction will be found to contain,—1, A Summary of the Evidence of the Genuineness, Inspiration, &c., of the Holy Scriptures, refuting the most modern Objections of Infidels; 2, An Outline of the literary History and Interpretation of the Bible; 3, A Compendium of Biblical Geography and Antiquities; and 4, Introductory Prefaces to the several Books of Scripture.' Mr. H. has also given a list of select chapters of the Bible, forming an epitome of the Old and New Testaments, adapted to perusal in the family or in private, together with chronological and other tables, and the necessary maps and engravings.

*A Letter to his most Gracious Majesty George IV.* By a Presbyterian of the Church of England. pp. 24. London, 1827. Seeley.

WHOEVER may be the author of this rather startling publication, he is evidently a man of ability, and of that bold Christian spirit, which we should wish to see inspiring more of our English clergy. From two or three passages in the letter, we shrewdly suspect its author to be a well known metropolitan lecturer, whose popularity is founded on the zeal and love with which he labours in his ministry. We almost feel as if the spirit of old Luther were rising among us, when we hear a Presbyterian of our church thus appealing to the throne of his sovereign. There are two or three passages of great force and beauty, but the publication is too small to extract from.

*Rights of the Poor. Part XIV.* Simpkin and Marshall.

A useful and meritorious publication, deserving encouragement by all the friends of humanity.

*First Lines of Science.* By JAMES MITCHELL, Editor of the Portable Encyclopædia. pp. 346. London, 1827. Tegg.

FOR those who are seeking an introduction to the sciences, we consider the volume before us a very useful publication. It is both fuller and clearer than most we have seen of the same nature.

*The Mothers' Magazine. No. I.* Simpkin and Marshall.

THIS is the first juvenile magazine that has come before us worthy of attention. It contains some very pretty pieces, and mothers engaged in educating their children, will find it a useful and pleasant companion.

#### ORIGINAL.

##### A CHEAP WILL.

'Ah! my dear friend Chargewell, how glad I am to see you; this call is indeed kind, considering the weak state I am in; and is fortunate on another account, as I was about to send for you, to give instructions for making my will.'

This was said by a miserly old gentleman, named Closefist, to his solicitor, who happened to call on him when he was really ill, and thinking, perforce of the grisly power, whether the appellation *dear*, which he applied to his man of law, had any allusion to certain long bills of costs which he had paid him, or was meant to be used in the benevolent sense which sincere friendship would give it, we cannot say; but Charity would hope the latter. Feeling as he did, and knowing but too well he could not carry his India-bonds, exchequer-bills, and many other valuable matters and things appertaining to his worldly estate, with him, beyond the fatal 'bourne,' he had at last made up his mind to think of a will, though in reality much against his will; and he therefore resumed the subject as follows:—

'Now, with respect to the disposal of my property, here is a list of the bequests; and as, my dear old friend, I have given you much trouble in my time, you will please to add one little item to them, which is the trifling sum of £5000 for yourself.'

Mr. Chargewell bowed, as in duty bound; said his excellent friend Closefist over-valued his former services; promised of course an exact and early performance of his wishes with respect to the will; but hoped and trusted he was yet far from being in danger, and would live to enjoy his property many, many years. But while the keen-eyed lawyer said this, his powers of vision plainly showed him that the old miser was near his end, and, consequently, his prospect a good one, of receiving the £5000 at no very distant date. In twenty-four hours, Chargewell had made an excellent but concise will for his friend Closefist, who was surprised, but much pleased at its brevity; and begged to know what he had to pay for it. 'My revered friend,' said Chargewell, 'not a farthing; I should be ungrateful indeed, if, after all your former kindness to me, and your very handsome bequest in this will, I could for a moment entertain so unworthy an idea.' Closefist thanked him again; the will was 'signed, sealed, published, and declared,' in all due form; and within 'a little month' afterwards, Chargewell read in the Times newspaper, 'died on Friday the — inst., Christopher Closefist, Esq., supposed worth half a million of money.'

Now for my £5000, thought Chargewell; and putting on decent mourning, he contrived,

though not invited, to be present at that mournful ceremony, the reading of the will. He was not asked to peruse it, but it was handed to another man of law, who was interested for a son of the old miser; and word for word, Chargewell heard the will he had made, except that, where it should have come in, he did not hear a syllable relative to himself or his £5000; and, at the finish, he was utterly astounded at hearing the names of other witnesses than those he knew had attested the will that he saw executed; and he begged to be allowed to look at it; his request was granted, and the whole thing burst upon him at once. The old miser had cheated him at last; the will was entirely in Closefist's hand-writing, and there was little doubt that the old man had accelerated his death, by sitting up to copy Chargewell's will, taking especial care to leave out the bequest to him, which bequest was neither more nor less than a ruse, to induce the lawyer to draw him up a good will, without making any charge for it, thereby saving some such sum as fifteen or twenty guineas, and, moreover, being revenged on him for many former sums drawn from his purse for law expenses. The lawyer's chagrin may be better imagined than described; but one thing is certain, that he went away a more sincere mourner than he came.

J. M. L.

#### STANZAS.

[FROM THE FRENCH OF ROUSSEAU.]

'O limpide riviere, &c.'

SWEET stream! oh may thy flowery shore  
Be ne'er by reckless folly prest,  
But hearts which sadly throbb'd before  
Here cease to ache and peaceful rest.  
Oh, may thy paths be still unknown  
To all the harrowing ills of life,  
And thy sweet bowers ne'er hear the moan  
Of hopeless love or restless strife!  
Oh, here may every heart rejoice,  
Nor fear chill Penury's numbing pang,  
Nor hot Ambition's eager voice,  
Nor Passion's fires, nor Envy's fang!  
A bower so bright, so still as this,  
So formed to calm, to soothe, to bless,  
Should echo to the lover's kiss,  
Or friendship's holy tenderness.  
These amorous boughs so thickly twine,  
So sweetly breathe the fragrant air,  
That Love might fancy this his shrine,  
And find a fitter temple there!  
And on that crystal streamlet's face  
No other form should mirror'd lie,  
Than Nature's pure and simple grace,  
And Pleasure's sweet imagery.

#### THE LONDON UNIVERSITY.

AN intelligent correspondent has just sent us the following remarks on the new university. We reserve our own opinion on this interesting subject for a future opportunity.

'Last Monday was a day of proud triumph for those who advocate the real interests of the people, and endeavour to diffuse as widely as possible the advantages of education and intelligence. It is not surprizing that so laudable and beneficial a project as that of establishing a university in the metropolis, should have been decried and treated with affected scorn by a certain party who have assailed it



with obloquy, misrepresented its object, denounced it as pregnant with mischief, and attempted to overwhelm it with ridicule. Their ridicule, however, has been so extravagantly absurd as to defeat its purpose, and must eventually recoil upon themselves. To assume that this institution will effect miracles,—that science is henceforth to accomplish prodigies, would be romantic; yet surely the more general diffusion of knowledge, especially of the higher branches of it, must be attended with salutary effects, and counteract that tendency to frivolity, which else ever attends a high degree of civilization. It must tend to impart a salutary energy to the moral constitution of a state. Those who would fain depreciate the institution, ask whether it can be expected to produce names more distinguished in science than those which have already appeared: perhaps not; but the individuals thus alluded to were rather solitary instances of remarkable genius, than specimens of the average degree of intellect in the respective periods to which they belong. A few men of extraordinary intellect do not constitute an intellectual age; the greater bulk of society may still be deplorably ignorant. To those who are apprehensive that an increase of knowledge will not be attended with a proportionable increase of practical religion and morality, we would reply by referring them to the page of history, where it will be found that the ages of ignorance have ever been those of bigotry, superstition, cruelty, and vice. There have undoubtedly been instances of men eminent for their talents, yet of very immoral character; but before we can admit them to be valid examples of the unsalutary influence of intellectual cultivation, it remains to be proved that they would have been more virtuous had they been more ignorant. No; we are convinced that intellectual education and a cultivated taste must ever be favourable to habits of morality; and, as far as our own experience extends, we have ever found that those who are attached to intellectual pursuits generally exhibit corresponding propriety of moral conduct.

#### ANECDOTES OF HANDEL.

THE Lord Viscount Fitzwilliam said, that Handel used to make an extemporary prelude when he performed an organ concerto, and generally introduced an extemporary fugue for an intermediate movement, without any accompaniment.

Handel said, when he was old, that Mr. Kezway, who taught her Majesty Queen Charlotte, performed his lessons equal to himself.

His late Majesty was shown the author of Handel's Life, when the King was on the terrace, and his Majesty went to the gentleman saying, 'I am more obliged to you than any other person; I hear you wrote the Memoirs of Handel.' To which he answered, 'Sire, I have done it the best I could.' His Majesty said, 'It could not have been done better.' It was the Rev. Dr. Morell who selected from Scripture the words of the Messiah. Dr. Burney has chiefly taken his account from this publication.

An old gentleman, long since deceased, said, that Handel sent £500 one hard winter to the then Bishop of London, to distribute to the worthy poor of the metropolis.

Handel gave a proof that a fine voice is not the principal requisite in vocal performance,—the discourse being on psalmody, when the great master asserted, that most of the finest melodies, used in the German church, were composed by the reformer, Martin Luther, particularly the Hundredth Psalm, which is used in England; though Dr. Burney says, in the third volume of his Musical History, it was made by Claude St. Jeune; another musical historian says, it was by a French master Godmiz; however it is an excellent tune. The late Dr. Hayes's father added instrumental accompaniments, which were performed at the theatre at Oxford, during his being the musical professor in that university. Dr. Crotch is the present professor, a man of worth and talent.

Handel used to sing duets with the late Lady Gatehouse, of Hadley Park, Surrey. Her ladyship patronised, likewise, Mr. De-fesch, who composed for her family the oratorio of Judith, and a pastoral drama, called Love and Friendship, and the oratorio of Joseph; after which, Handel composed another oratorio of Joseph, written probably by the Rev. Dr. Morell.

#### FINE ARTS.

*Designs for Parsonage Houses, Alms Houses, &c. &c. With Examples of Gables, and other curious Remains of old English Architecture.* By T. F. HUNT, Architect. 4to. Longman and Co.

THE precursor of this work, Half-a-dozen Hints on Picturesque Architecture, by the same author, having, we believe, already nearly passed through the second edition, no common degree of interest has been excited for the appearance of these Designs.

Not having been able to procure a copy until a late hour, we must unwillingly be brief in our notice of its contents for the present week, reserving the office of particularizing its merits for the next, which will be an agreeable one, as the subject is entirely congenial to our notions.

The term picturesque, rendered so familiar of late by the many who have assumed it as a passport to usher their architectural pretensions to public notice, has lost somewhat of its original gusto. This work, however, will contribute to restore it to its wonted vigour and freshness; it assimilates, indeed, with those sentiments which, to the cultured mind, still associate with genuine old English architecture.

That many of our distinguished native architects have successfully studied Greek architecture, is evident in numerous existing structures, erected from the time when our intelligent countryman, Inigo Jones, first submitted its august proportions to English eyes, and Wren, following his great prototype, displayed its beautiful features in the adornment of the British metropolis. Yet, strange as it may seem, during this long period of increasing culture of this foreign clas-

sic style of building, our knowledge of the native architecture has been declining, until it would appear to be almost lost.

We agree with the author of this work, in his just strictures upon the many presumptuous attempts, which ignorance has too successfully imposed upon the age, as designs in the old English style. Erections, certain of them of vast expense too, which are as entirely at variance with any of the attributes of the ancient national architecture of the country, as the fantastic pagodas of Pekin, or the handyworks of the Ashantees.

This unpretending volume, confined to those truly interesting objects, the parsonage house and the asylum for the respectable aged poor, is addressed to a very extensive class, being confined to no particular district, but amenable to every town, village, or hamlet in the land. For what populated spot can be pointed out upon the map of this Christian country that has not provided its ample allotment for the parish priest, or has been wanting in some philanthropist to bequeath that legacy which has secured to his manes the blessings of the poor?

The abounding variety of examples, the characteristic distinctions, the fitness, and, above all, the practicability of the subjects which form this volume, are too evident to need extraneous comment. Mr. Hunt has completely illustrated, by his designs, all he has proposed upon this very interesting department of art. As a work of lithography, it is of surpassing excellence.

*No. I. Of a Series of Views in the West Indies; engraved from drawings taken recently in the islands; with letter-press explanations, made from actual observation.* London, 1827. Underwoods.

THESE prints are deserving of considerable attention, both for the interesting scenes the artist has chosen for his designs, and the excellent style in which they are executed.

#### SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

(Second Notice.)

WITH painting, as with poetry, every disciple in each art, studying in the school of Nature, describes her thema in language of his own. The diversities of style, proceeding from her favoured scholars, are as various as her wardrobe. One, among the highest delights that human perceptions are capable of exciting, is that which results from the various modes in which each painter contemplates the objects of his imitation. This diversity depends upon what, perhaps, may be termed a creative power, and hence that originality of representation, which obtains for the author the distinctive appellation—his style. In the rising of a national school of art, these distinctive qualities are certain: as long as originality prevails, we speak of a picture, as the work of this or that master. The signs of a declining school are scarcely less obvious. When once the disciples aim at the manner or style of another, however great the prototype, and satisfied with the praises of successful imitation, art has lost half its charm, and the copyist or imitator may vainly hope for fame.



Turner, whose perceptions were caught from studying in the great volume of nature, wherein every page is new, came forth of her school, and was proclaimed an original genius. Girtin, his fellow disciple, obtained co-equal reputation. To each was awarded the fame of having created a style of his own. Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Wilson, had each their imitators, and art, after raising expectation high at one period, gave presage of its fall.

It is subject for gratulation, however, that we can now look around at our public exhibitions, and behold the works of a host of painters, each original in his department; and we have accomplished the period, when a collection of pictures may be made of the works of our own painters in oil, combining all the varieties of the ancient schools, from the lofty epic to the humble compositions of familiar life. The British collector may now, if so patriotically disposed, proudly show his gallery to the world, adorned with the productions of native art.

Our present affair, however, is with the water-colour art, a department which, happily for its professors, admits of no competition. Hence it is forced upon no invidious comparison, which either judgment, prejudice, or illiberality might set up, by reference to former works—for there are no similar productions existing, with which they may be made to compete.

The great charm of the collection, which is the subject of this paper, arises out of that variety of style of which we speak. Where all may be said to compose a new species, of which each individual subject is a genus—a graphic garden indeed, in which every flower is a native, and which, having its own attributes, might be plucked, bound into a bouquet, and presented a becoming offering to Pallas herself.

Would that we were rich, even though the fee simple of our wealth amounted but to a tythe of the income of certain collectors, who, preferring the must of antiquity, have no taste for the freshness of modern art. Then would we set about a gallery.

The first object, and that a delightful one, even in imagination, would be the gathering in this graphic garden, the various growth of genius as it flowered forth; culling here a lily, and there a rose; then a narcissus, or even a sprig of jessamine. By the way, what lady but might envy that bunch of violets, the first offering of the spring, at the shrine of taste, which Mrs. Haldemond has here enshrined in her golden bower? This lady's screen begets a thousand pretty conceits. It were a theme for the inspiration of L. E. L., that fair sister of the arts,—the sweetest flower painter in the world.

We have formerly observed, in the course of our essays, upon the progression of this original English department of art, that the powers of water colours were first developed by two living members of the Royal Academy, W. M. Turner and Richard Westall. This should be known to posterity, when inquiries upon such subjects will be sought with that indescribable interest with which the lovers of *virtu* now delight to gossip of

the olden schools. So attractive, indeed, were these new features in art, that crowds of connoisseurs, for several seasons, stood before their various productions, as exhibited at the Royal Academy, inquiring, by what extraordinary new process such works could be produced?

The establishment of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, supported by that public favour which it has experienced, even from the day of its first exhibition in Brook Street, now twenty-three years ago, gave a new impulse to the professors of water-colour painting, and it may be averred, that the improvement of the mass of its members has kept pace, with the patronage it has thus honourably earned.

That the present display is, upon the whole, the best that has been submitted to the world of taste, appears to be the general opinion among the *cognos*, the observation of another week has confirmed. The approving voice of the painters in oil is no less honourable to their candour than beneficial to the ingenious operators in this department. Under the influence of such generous feelings, the British arts must flourish.

We shall now proceed to notice some of the individual merits of this collection.

No. —, Robson; we had intended to ask our artistical friend, \*\*\*\*\* the astrologer, what propitious constellation it is in the heavens, that presides over the north? Talent is pouring forth from *Scotia* and swelling into a tide of success. When we look upon the map of our sea-girt isle, it now appears that genius has a seat in every demesne.

Robson, not unaptly designated the *Ossian* of his art, this year, appears to have wrought his imagination up to that of his fancied prototype. The daring *chiaro scuro* of some of his mountain scenery may be regarded as the sequel to the poetical description of the Scottish bard.

It has been observed, by a judicious commentator on the practice of painting, that he who builds his reputation upon the study of those who have gone before, however he may talk of Titian, Dominichino, Rembrandt, or Poussin, and their excursive flights into the poetic regions of art, like a timid swimmer, he will not venture into deep water, without the aid of his corks.

He, on the contrary, who, like these great ancient prototypes, goes to nature for his precepts, will find that she will teach him to be bold. No theorist would venture to oppose that intensity of dark blue to the bright gleams of light upon the high mountain crags, such as we behold in the work before us, but a painter, who had viewed, with his own optics, those magnificent bursts of incidental light which illuminate, or sudden clouds, which obscure these romantic regions. The graphic fact may bear moral illustration,—nothing is so bold as truth.

There are some subjects of a character, however, that accord not well with water-colour painting; particularly where the objects of the composition are necessarily grouped upon the foreground. It is difficult, nay, almost impossible, to render such a picture effective. The depth and power of the mate-

rial are not of sufficient force to give each object its due relief. These come within the province of the pigments, or paints, when compounded with oils and varnishes; excepting, indeed, the picture be of small dimensions, and the figures and other objects on a corresponding scale of proportion.

For town scenery, or other architectural subjects, sea pieces, and landscapes, whether of the epic, the pastoral, or the romantic class, the means are ample and fully equal to all the highest properties and ends of the pictorial art.

The subjects, which form the present exhibition, are judiciously chosen, being compatible with the material in which they are wrought.

In the expansive scenery delineated by the pencil of this and several other members of the landscape department, our school may vie, in the principal attributes of painting, with all that the accumulated labours of the ancient masters have achieved, great and original as were their powers. The various effects of atmospheric agency, as exhibited in the calm and classic serenity of Claude, the summer-like glow of Cuyp, the golden richness of Rembrandt, and the majestic contrasts of Nicola Poussin, are entirely within the scope of this material. For grandeur of form, largeness, and breadth, powerful contrast, and, above all, the fascinations of incidental lights and aerial perspective, water-colour painting is eminently calculated.

There is another and a most important circumstance exclusively belonging to this new species of the pictorial art, namely, such are its comparative facilities, that a gallery comprising all the subjects which constitute this attractive collection, may be formed for the sum not unusually paid for a single picture of the old masters.

Copley Fielding, whose versatile powers in this new art are addressed to the various tastes of the amateur, is eminently successful in the choice of his subjects this year. His marine compositions are universally admired, because they make that appeal to the understanding which all can appreciate. They are transcripts from nature, and charm by the same means by which the learned and unlearned in art have ever been led to applaud similar compositions by the veritable hands of the Flemish and Dutch masters.

There are certain marine compositions, however, from the pencil of this artist, which, conceived in a superior feeling, partake largely of the elevated sentiment of Claude.

No. 13. Vessels at Spithead, Copley Fielding,—is an instance of this, and serves to demonstrate, that a theme, alike in painting as in poetry, may be treated according to its prototype in nature, with elegant as well as mechanical truth. The subject matter exists alone in nature, the imitation ascends in the exact scale of the perceptions of him who wields the pencil or the pen. Nothing conveys the charm of the localities of English scenery with greater truth than that sweetest picture in words, *L'Allegro*, which emanated from the inspired pen of the greatest epic writer of modern times.

The landscape compositions of Fielding



are no less creditable to his perceptions of art. The manner of thinking, and the style of rendering his thoughts, through the medium of water-colour painting, are so congenial, so entirely fitting to his subject, that in contemplating his works, even the most fastidious critic can with difficulty discover ought to object to.

No. 109. Pilot-boat going off to a Vessel in a hard Gale, near the Eddystone, Copley Fielding, is described with that force and truth which, thus applied, amounts almost to illusion. It is a picture deep in tone without blackness, and effective from its simplicity. The elements are in commotion, and the perilous occupation of the intrepid mariner excites our sympathy, without the fallacious aid of preternatural effects of sea and sky. It is, indeed, a veritable picture of this well-known scene of skilful pilotship, and cannot fail to be viewed with commensurate interest by all those who have experienced a gale off this fearful coast. As a work addressed to the connoisseur, it claims a conspicuous place in any gallery.

No. 154. A Landscape Composition, G. Barret, one of the most prominent features of this exhibition, and a personification of the poet no less richly imaginative than the mystic region which it aims to describe.

We are inclined to think, in the indulgence of our reveries upon the fine arts, that every great poet would, had he bent his talent to graphic description, have become a distinguished painter. By parity, might not a painter, whose subjects are of the inventive class, alike have made a figure as a poet? Surely, the highly gifted in these sister arts read nature with the same perceptions. Croly, in his magnificent display of the treasures of the Louvre, has painted with his pen the glorious works, the spoils of conquest, that adorned that gallery, with the very soul of Titian and the genial spirit of Giorgione. We dwelt upon his gorgeous description, until doubtful whether we were beholding the pictures, or, wrapt in delusion, we sat spell-bound by the poem.

It is true, poetry was long the debtor to the sister art, in the barter of illustration; this living poet, however, to proceed with the trope, has nobly paid up the arrears, and with ample interest.

In this extensive scene, we have another instance of the painter's happy illustration of the poet:—

'In lowly dale fast by a river's side,  
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,  
A most enchanting wizard did abide,  
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found.

It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground.'

Imagination delights in the classic regions of Claude, and revels in the still more beautiful and luxuriant compositions of Turner—the morning-star of the water-colour school. This very original and truly romantic effort of coeval taste, by Barret, is replete with the highest attributes of epic landscape. It is '*I ween, a lovely spot of ground!*'

Of former exhibitions of water-colour painting, it was remarked that, looking at the *tout ensemble*, whatever might be the res-

pective merits of each separate performance, there was wanting that variety which is necessary to render a collection interesting as a whole. The present display we cannot but think is less obnoxious to the remark than any of the preceding; for admitting that it were desirable to see a somewhat greater proportion of compositions of figures, yet, in the topographical department, the diversity is obviously rich and interesting, both as to subject and style.

The very faithful and very interesting scenery of the Castle of Heidelberg, No. 2 and No. 271; and the Views at Ghent, No. 71; Cologne, Nos. 178 and 180; also at Strasbourg and Cambray, so abounding in the picturesque varieties of Gothic architecture, by Wild; the arch of Constantine and other pictorial features at Rome; the Amphitheatre at Verona; the rich and imposing scenery at Como, Venice, and other parts of Italy, by Prout; the town and harbour of Nice, with the castle of Antibes, and the Irish lake scenery, by the masterly pencil of Varley; the rich and various scenery in the great eastern and western regions of our globe, by Havell; the range that sweeps the lofty heights of Scotland and of Wales; the excursive flights amongst our home regions, by Robson, Gastineau, Cox, and Fielding; and the delightful and industrious researches amongst the architectural remains of our island, so abundantly diffused to every space occupied by this collection, by the united exertions of this high-talented fraternity, furnish forth an intellectual banquet, fitting the high *gusto* of the most refined graphic appetite.

In the other departments, so materially tending to add variety to this annual display, the compositions of Hills, Stephanoff, Richter, Crestall, Wright, and Hunt, are conspicuous.

In the portraiture of English domestic animals, Hills stands alone. Among the many rural compositions by his faithful pencil, a small scene of a homestead, and a choice trait of the true English picturesque, with a cart, are genuine specimens of simple nature. His cattle pieces are delineated to the life, and his group of fallow deer, with their corresponding scenery, bear evidence of his accurate observations of the habits of these native inhabitants of the park and the forest.

#### SUHR'S PANORAMAS, OLD BOND STREET

THIS series of cleverly-executed views is exceedingly interesting for its variety, and the selection of its subjects. Without attempting to put these paintings into competition with those larger panoramas where the spectator stands in the centre of the picture, we must admit them to possess considerable merit as topographical views, if not as works of art. They appear to be a combination of the cosmorama and panorama, and we think a decided improvement upon the former. Like that, they are beheld through magnifying lenses, which shift, so as to adapt the focus to any part, the picture being represented on a concave surface, as in the larger panoramas, and, like them, lighted from above.

The view of St. Petersburg, from the tower of the Admiralty, conveys a very satisfactory idea of the locality and characteristic physiognomy of that capital; and, from the situation of the spectator, the glaring red roofs present a very bizarre contrast to the splendid ranges of buildings which they cover. There is certainly no want of architectural display, but the edifices in general do not exhibit the most elegant taste,—in many, too, columns alone constitute all the decorations. The view of the Vassili Blajini Church, at Moscow, is particularly interesting, as exhibiting one of the most singular specimens of architecture in the world; it is, in fact, a gorgeous pyramid, composed of towers, domes, and spires, ascending one above the other, clustered together, and presenting great variety of form and the most brilliant colours. This curious structure was erected by the Czar Ivan Vassilivitch in 1554, and, grotesque as it certainly is, is extraordinarily picturesque, and seems more like a fairy fabric than any thing else. The palaces of Berlin and Copenhagen form other subjects: and the latter, although recently erected, has as unfavourable a situation for a royal residence as can well be imagined, being quite thrust into a corner. In point of architecture, too, it possesses very little taste or embellishment. There are besides, views of Ofen and Pesth, Heligoland, Saltzburg, and the steeple of St. Michael's at Hamburgh. The last-mentioned of these is celebrated for its height, and notwithstanding that it is absolutely barbarous and hideous in detail, the general effect is picturesque, and not unpleasing. Altogether, we consider this an exhibition well worth visiting, and capable of affording considerable information and amusement to those who take any delight in beholding the representations of celebrated places.

#### LAWRENCE'S ADDRESS TO THE AMERICAN ACADEMY.

(Concluding Notice.)

'The profits of agriculture are not sufficiently great to admit of large expenditures for the gratification of taste. The elements of design may, however, be most profitably cultivated by the residents of the country; and no where is that knowledge of the art, which affords individual pleasure without challenging universal admiration, so generally possessed as amidst the romantic scenery of Switzerland. For landscape drawing few countries present opportunities superior to ours. The most diversified scenery offers to those whom choice or necessity has removed from the multifarious excitements of a large city, a delightful occupation for their leisure hours, which, while it refines the taste, gives peculiar zest to a rural life.

'To say nothing of the diffusion of intelligence by means of commerce, and of the facilities which it imparts to the obtaining of varied models, it is only in large cities that we look for that accumulation of wealth which is necessary for the encouragement of artists in the higher walks of their profession. The olive of Attica, and the rich commerce of Asia Minor and the Grecian Archipelago



enabled Athens to take the lead in works of taste. To the period when Palmyra connected the Roman and Parthian empires by the mutual benefits of commerce, are to be ascribed those most extraordinary and stupendous edifices, the ruins of which attract the modern traveller to the desert regions of Syria. The revival of the arts in Italy was coeval with that of commerce, by which the independence of the republics was both procured and maintained. Who can form an opinion of what the internal commerce of our union is destined to become? Our present population can afford no data, by which to estimate the trade of a nation extending from the Atlantic to the shores of the Pacific. The construction of artificial communications, where navigable rivers are wanting, will proceed with the settlement of the country, and possessing, as we do, the greatest variety of soil and climate, there will exist every inducement to a constant and rapid interchange of commodities.

'America has never failed to fulfil the just expectations of the world. Our origin is not lost in the midst of antiquity, and we have no occasion to seek in fable the noble deeds of our ancestors. Their object in emigrating to a country inhabited by savages was civil and religious liberty; while that was in question, it formed their sole pursuit. The wisdom of the laws of Minos procured for their author the title of Jupiter's confidant. How can we appropriately speak of the founders of our political institutions? With us the experiment of a republican government, as adapted to the exigencies of an extended empire, has been fully tried. We have the glory of having formed a system of national polity, that has served as a model for the whole western hemisphere. In our courts of justice not only have the rights of individuals been settled with intelligence and impartiality, but the attempt has been for the first time made of restraining, by means of the judiciary, the executive and legislative departments within the bounds of a written constitution.

'The productions of the last few years have given us a literary character, and patronage has been accorded to our authors beyond what was obtained by the best exertions of Goldsmith or Johnson. The genius of Fulton found in a late distinguished president of our Academy an associate capable of appreciating the merits of an enterprise, that would have appeared chimerical to a less enlightened mind. Our general and state governments have never been inattentive to the encouragement of whatever might diffuse information and promote the moral amelioration of the people. Much as we commend the liberal arts, there is other knowledge that must be inculcated before a nation is prepared to appreciate them. For the endowment of common schools, of academies, and of colleges, several of the states have made appropriations truly magnificent.

'In the works of England, while we constituted an integral part of the British nation, we have a just right to participate. Her school of art, however, scarcely assumes a date anterior to our separate existence; and

the establishment of a national gallery, in the metropolis, has only been effected within the two last years. Since the time of Reynolds, no inconsiderable portion of the names conspicuous in the graphic art may be traced to America; but the absence of large fortunes, accumulated in the hands of individuals, has hitherto compelled those artists, who aimed at high professional distinction, to look to foreign patronage for their merited recompense. Even before the war of the revolution, the capacity of our countrymen for these pursuits was fully admitted by the encouragement accorded to West, who was deemed a worthy successor of him with whom, in England, "the arts rose."

'To assert that our national character is not now nobly sustained abroad, is to be ignorant of the merits of Leslie and Newton. Still, without detracting from the justly acquired fame of these distinguished painters, it is a source of much pleasure that others of our fellow-citizens, who have enjoyed the benefits of European instruction, are now successfully employed in their native land. Impelled by the irresistible ties of patriotic attachment, many of them have abandoned, for more humble prospects at home, advantages, which could not have failed to conduct to wealth accompanied with the first honours in their chosen avocation.

'That the requisite encouragement is alone wanting to ensure the most brilliant results is evinced by the progress made in engraving, a branch of designs, which, in the language of our last anniversary orator, "stands in the same relation to the other arts, which printing does to eloquence and poetry." Sustained as it has been by reason of its application to the purposes of commerce, the skill of our engravers leaves little to be desired, even when their attention is directed to subjects congenial with the artist's most elevated feelings.

'We have already the foundation of a gallery in the most splendid legislative hall of the world. What other people, in less than half a century from the commencement of their national existence, have had the memorable events of their history depicted by one, who, as a soldier, contributed to the results which his pencil has delineated. Well may the venerable Trumbull point to the paintings of the Capitol and exclaim, with sentiments the reverse of those which dictated the response of the Trojan hero,

— quæque ipse—vidi  
Et quorum pars magna fui —

#### VARIETIES.

*Munich.* — Very extensive architectural works are now going on in this city: one of the most considerable of them is the new wing of the palace, the first stone of which was laid on the 18th of last June. This will form a magnificent façade, consisting of a rusticated basement, with a Doric entablature, supporting an Ionic order in pilasters, above which, in the centre, will be a Corinthian order, extending 220 feet. In this front will be three noble entrances, adorned with rich rustic bossages. On the ground-floor, it is intended to form a suite of vaulted

apartments, decorated with a series of frescoes, the subjects of which will be selected from the ancient German epic, the Nibelungen. Two magnificent marble staircases are to conduct to the first floor, on which will be the private apartments of their majesties. On the second floor will be a spacious banquetting-room, winter-garden, &c. The rooms will be warmed by heated air. The architect of this structure is Leo Klenze, to whom Munich is already indebted for the Glyptotheca, Pinacotheca, and other splendid and classical edifices. Another work by the same architect is the Allerheiligen Chapel, the first stone of which was laid on the 1st of last November. This building is intended for the use of the palace, and is situated to the east of it. It will be 155 feet (German) in length, and 110 in breadth; and will be divided by two ranges of columns into three aisles, at the extremity of each of which there will be an altar. The lower part of the walls will be cased with marble, and the roof, which will be vaulted, will be decorated with frescoes on a gilt ground. In his designs for this edifice, the artist has endeavoured to unite classical purity of form with extreme richness of colour and splendour of embellishment. Two other structures, likewise designed by Klenze, are the Kaufhaus and new Isar Bridge: the former, which is now completed, extends along the whole of the west side of the palace-garden, towards which it forms an arcade 600 feet long, intended to be decorated with historical paintings in fresco. From this arcade are the entrances into a series of coffee-rooms, shops, &c., fronting Ludwig Strasse, forming a kind of Palais Royal. The bridge consists of five elliptical arches, fifty-eight feet in space. It is entirely constructed of stone, and the parapet will be decorated with statues and candelabra. Besides these buildings, there is the new theatre erected by Fischer, on the site of the former one, which was destroyed by fire in 1823. It has a very rich façade of the Corinthian order. On the centre of the front it is intended to place the colossal monument decreed by the city to the late king, Maximilian Joseph, which will be cast from the model made by Professor Rauch, of Berlin, the same artist who executed the colossal bronze statue of Blucher, erected in the last-mentioned capital.

*Passagno.* — The church at Passagno founded by Canova, and erected at his own expense, is now rapidly approaching to its completion, and will, it is expected, be opened for divine worship in the course of next year. The progress of the building is zealously superintended by the Bishop of Mindo, Canova's brother. The magnificent Pronaos is nearly finished, and the metopes of the frieze, which have been executed at the Academy of Venice after models by the great artist himself, are now put up.

Died at Brugg, Argow, Switzerland, on Feb. 17th, M. Pestalozzi. He was born in the year 1745, at Zurich, of noble blood: but this circumstance did not keep from him laying himself out in beautifying the lower classes of mankind, whose ignorance he lamented.



His exertions were encouraged by means of a novel, which became popular both in Germany and Switzerland, in which he pictured the occupations, necessities, and desires of the poor. The ancient Swiss governments being abolished, Pestalozzi addressed, to the Helvetic legislative council, his Reflections on the Wants of the Country, and principally on the Education and Relief of the Poor. Not long afterwards, he was appointed principal editor of the Helvetic Journal, a paper which was devoted to the moral interests of the people. In 1799, the government established an Orphan Institution, at Stantz, of which he was, at once, the teacher, steward, and father, and here it was he formed that plan of education, too well known to need description. When this establishment was broken up, he was assigned a mansion at Burgdorf, to enable him to continue his excellent system of intellectual improvement and bodily exercise. He removed, again, to Yverdon, the castle of which was presented to him by the Canton of Vaud. He was one of the deputation, summoned by Bonaparte, in 1803, to consider in what way Switzerland could be restored to tranquillity. The last of his publications was entitled *Advice to my Contemporaries*: and towards the close of his life, he engaged himself in preparing his numerous works for a complete and systematic edition.

We are happy to hear that Mr. Frost, the director of the Medico-Botanical Society, is preparing for publication his introductory lecture on botany, delivered by him some time since in the theatre of the Royal Institution. The same gentleman has also commenced a course of lectures on medical botany at St. Thomas's Hospital. Considering it a subject which has of late years been but too little attended to, we hope it will attract the attention of the medical profession.

*Shakespeare.*—At Mr. Dent's sale by Evans on Thursday, the first four editions of 'Shakespeare' brought 197*l.* 17*s.* Copies of the same editions, uniformly bound in Russia, are in the possession of Mr. Pickering, of Chancery-lane, which he values at one hundred guineas.

*Canal through the Isthmus of Panama.*—The government of Guatemala has granted to A. H. Palmer, Esq. and others of the city of New York, the right to open a direct canal communication for ships, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, through the river San Juan and the lake Maragua, with the privilege of an extensive navigation for twenty years. This grant was obtained through the influence of Colonel Williams, our minister, by Colonel Benaski, agent for the company. The whole extent of excavation, it is said, will not exceed seventeen miles, (the distance between the lake and the river), which will require a lockage of two hundred feet. The work is to be completed in eighteen months, and is expected to be commenced with six thousand men from this country. It can scarcely fail to be a source of wealth to the company and an advantage to the whole civilized world. It is expected the work will be made as much as possible a national concern, and Congress will be applied to for its

incorporation, by the name of The Central America and United States, Atlantic, and Pacific Junction Canal Company, with a capital of 5,000,000 dollars.

*Major Laing.*—By a letter from Sukhara Ley Tripoli of the 5th April, it appears that Major Laing had really fallen a victim to his perseverance after having reached Tombuctoo. The Pacha of Tripoli communicates this news from a letter of the Governor of Ghadames. The English traveller escaped the brigands of the territory of Tonalt by the hospitable care of a Marabout, by whose assistance he was enabled to reach Tombuctoo. Shortly after his arrival, the Fellahs, to the number of 30,000, came to demand him, in order to put him to death, and destroy the information which he had acquired, 'and to prevent, thereby,' they said, 'Christian nations from profiting by his information to penetrate some day into these distant countries for the purpose of enslaving them.' These are the expressions of the Sheik of Ghadames, in his letter to the Pacha. The prince, who commanded at Tombuctoo, refused to give him up, and sent him out privately under an escort of fifteen of his own guard. The Fellahs having discovered this, pursued him, and murdered Major Laing and those who were guarding him. Such is the tragic end of this intrepid traveller, the first who has entered within this mysterious town. The Fellahs, under the pretext of the protection afforded to Major Laing, have imposed an annual tribute upon the inhabitants of Tombuctoo. This information is communicated by a Sheik of Tripoli, who has long resided at Tombuctoo. He declares, that there exists a very interesting history of this town, which traces the foundation of it to 510 of the Hegira, (1116 of J. C.) written by Sidi Ahmed Baba, a native of Arawau, a small town of the country of the Kentés, a considerable people of Soudan. We hope to be able to procure this history, in order to present it to the king's library, with the Voyages of the celebrated Ibn Bathouta, hitherto so little known in Europe.—*Etoile.*

*A Striking Allusion.*—A few days since, at the Theatre Francais, at the moment when the actress, performing the part of Miss Western, in Tom Jones, pronounced these verses—

'Adieu: Je vais chercher à percer le mystère  
D'un projet qu'avec soin cache le Ministère,  
Et qui, si j'en dois croire un certain prognostique,

Ne s'accorde pas trop avec le bien publique,'—

A general explosion of 'bravoes' and applause burst from all parts. The spectators demanded these prophetic verses. Madame Pousey could not finish the scene; she returned into the wings; but Baptiste and Madame Menjaud could not render themselves audible—the cries of '*bis, bis!*' stifled their voices. The stage remained empty near a quarter of an hour; at length a commissary of police, from his box, reminded the pit that an ordinance of police forbade actors to repeat verses demanded by the public. Quietness was at length re-established, but not without new allusions to their excellencies.

It gives us great pleasure to learn, that Mr. J. P. Neale is about to resume his elegant and interesting work of *Noblemen and Gentlemen's Seats*, for which he has lately been collecting various subjects of increased importance and interest; so that there is every reason to expect that the concluding parts will surpass those that have hitherto appeared.

*Inauguration of Sir Francis Bacon as Lord Keeper of the Great Seal.*—The first day of term the new lord keeper rode in pomp to Westminster, accompanied by most of the council and nobility about town, with other gallants, to the number of more than 200 horse, besides the judges and inns of court. There was a great deal more bravery, and better show, than was expected in the king's absence: but both queen and prince sent him all their followers; and his other friends did their best to honour him. The greater part of his train dined with him that day, which cost him, as is reported, 700*l.*, wherein he followed not the pattern he seemed much to approve;—for dining the week before with the rest of the council at Secretary Winwood's, before all other good words and commendations of that entertainment, both he and the Earl of Worcester, whose turn came to feast next, sent to intreat to have the bill of cates, and to have the same cooks. But sure, for ought I can learn since I came, the expense of that dinner was in no sort proportionable to that sum.—Camden, in his *Annals*, gives the following order of 'the solemn procession:—1. Clerks and inferior officers in chancery; 2. Students in law; 3. Gentlemen, servants to the keeper, sergeants-at-arms, and the seal-bearer, all on foot; 4. Himself on horseback, in a gown of purple satin, between the treasurer and the keeper of the privy seal; 5. Earls, barons, and privy councillors; 6. Noblemen of all ranks; 7. Judges, to whom the next place to the privy councillors was assigned.'

#### UNIVERSITY NOTICES.

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The Rev. J. G. Copleston, B. A., of Oriel College, Oxford, to the vicarage of Kingrey, Bucks. Patrons, the Dean and Chapter of Rochester.

The very Rev. Sub-Dean Keene, to a prebendary stall in Wells Cathedral, by the Bishop of Bath and Wells.

The Rev. G. Rashleigh, M. A., vicar of Horton, Kirby, to the rectory of Lower Hardres, Kent. Patron, the Lord Chancellor.

The Rev. G. S. Weidemann, late curate of Keple, to the perpet. curacy of St. Paul's, Preston, Lancashire. Patron, the Rev. B. C. Wilson, vicar.

Dr. Rave, the late Bishop of Bristol, has been installed Bishop of Lincoln.



enabled Athens to take the lead in works of taste. To the period when Palmyra connected the Roman and Parthian empires by the mutual benefits of commerce, are to be ascribed those most extraordinary and stupendous edifices, the ruins of which attract the modern traveller to the desert regions of Syria. The revival of the arts in Italy was coeval with that of commerce, by which the independence of the republics was both procured and maintained. Who can form an opinion of what the internal commerce of our union is destined to become? Our present population can afford no data, by which to estimate the trade of a nation extending from the Atlantic to the shores of the Pacific. The construction of artificial communications, where navigable rivers are wanting, will proceed with the settlement of the country, and possessing, as we do, the greatest variety of soil and climate, there will exist every inducement to a constant and rapid interchange of commodities.

'America has never failed to fulfil the just expectations of the world. Our origin is not lost in the midst of antiquity, and we have no occasion to seek in fable the noble deeds of our ancestors. Their object in emigrating to a country inhabited by savages was civil and religious liberty; while that was in question, it formed their sole pursuit. The wisdom of the laws of Minos procured for their author the title of Jupiter's confidant. How can we appropriately speak of the founders of our political institutions? With us the experiment of a republican government, as adapted to the exigencies of an extended empire, has been fully tried. We have the glory of having formed a system of national polity, that has served as a model for the whole western hemisphere. In our courts of justice not only have the rights of individuals been settled with intelligence and impartiality, but the attempt has been for the first time made of restraining, by means of the judiciary, the executive and legislative departments within the bounds of a written constitution.

'The productions of the last few years have given us a literary character, and patronage has been accorded to our authors beyond what was obtained by the best exertions of Goldsmith or Johnson. The genius of Fulton found in a late distinguished president of our Academy an associate capable of appreciating the merits of an enterprise, that would have appeared chimerical to a less enlightened mind. Our general and state governments have never been inattentive to the encouragement of whatever might diffuse information and promote the moral amelioration of the people. Much as we commend the liberal arts, there is other knowledge that must be inculcated before a nation is prepared to appreciate them. For the endowment of common schools, of academies, and of colleges, several of the states have made appropriations truly magnificent.

'In the works of England, while we constituted an integral part of the British nation, we have a just right to participate. Her school of art, however, scarcely assumes a date anterior to our separate existence; and

the establishment of a national gallery, in the metropolis, has only been effected within the two last years. Since the time of Reynolds, no inconsiderable portion of the names conspicuous in the graphic art may be traced to America; but the absence of large fortunes, accumulated in the hands of individuals, has hitherto compelled those artists, who aimed at high professional distinction, to look to foreign patronage for their merited recompense. Even before the war of the revolution, the capacity of our countrymen for these pursuits was fully admitted by the encouragement accorded to West, who was deemed a worthy successor of him with whom, in England, "the arts rose."

'To assert that our national character is not now nobly sustained abroad, is to be ignorant of the merits of Leslie and Newton. Still, without detracting from the justly acquired fame of these distinguished painters, it is a source of much pleasure that others of our fellow-citizens, who have enjoyed the benefits of European instruction, are now successfully employed in their native land. Impelled by the irresistible ties of patriotic attachment, many of them have abandoned, for more humble prospects at home, advantages, which could not have failed to conduct to wealth accompanied with the first honours in their chosen avocation.

'That the requisite encouragement is alone wanting to ensure the most brilliant results is evinced by the progress made in engraving, a branch of designs, which, in the language of our last anniversary orator, "stands in the same relation to the other arts, which printing does to eloquence and poetry." Sustained as it has been by reason of its application to the purposes of commerce, the skill of our engravers leaves little to be desired, even when their attention is directed to subjects congenial with the artist's most elevated feelings.

'We have already the foundation of a gallery in the most splendid legislative hall of the world. What other people, in less than half a century from the commencement of their national existence, have had the memorable events of their history depicted by one, who, as a soldier, contributed to the results which his pencil has delineated. Well may the venerable Trumbull point to the paintings of the Capitol and exclaim, with sentiments the reverse of those which dictated the response of the Trojan hero,

— quæque ipse—vidi  
Et quorum pars magna fui —

#### VARIETIES.

*Munich.* — Very extensive architectural works are now going on in this city: one of the most considerable of them is the new wing of the palace, the first stone of which was laid on the 18th of last June. This will form a magnificent façade, consisting of a rusticated basement, with a Doric entablature, supporting an Ionic order in pilasters, above which, in the centre, will be a Corinthian order, extending 220 feet. In this front will be three noble entrances, adorned with rich rustic bossages. On the ground-floor, it is intended to form a suite of vaulted

apartments, decorated with a series of frescoes, the subjects of which will be selected from the ancient German epic, the Nibelungen. Two magnificent marble staircases are to conduct to the first floor, on which will be the private apartments of their majesties. On the second floor will be a spacious banquetting-room, winter-garden, &c. The rooms will be warmed by heated air. The architect of this structure is Leo Klenze, to whom Munich is already indebted for the Glyptotheca, Pinacotheca, and other splendid and classical edifices. Another work by the same architect is the Allerheiligen Chapel, the first stone of which was laid on the 1st of last November. This building is intended for the use of the palace, and is situated to the east of it. It will be 155 feet (German) in length, and 110 in breadth; and will be divided by two ranges of columns into three aisles, at the extremity of each of which there will be an altar. The lower part of the walls will be cased with marble, and the roof, which will be vaulted, will be decorated with frescoes on a gilt ground. In his designs for this edifice, the artist has endeavoured to unite classical purity of form with extreme richness of colour and splendour of embellishment. Two other structures, likewise designed by Klenze, are the Kaufhaus and new Isar Bridge: the former, which is now completed, extends along the whole of the west side of the palace-garden, towards which it forms an arcade 600 feet long, intended to be decorated with historical paintings in fresco. From this arcade are the entrances into a series of coffee-rooms, shops, &c., fronting Ludwig Strasse, forming a kind of Palais Royal. The bridge consists of five elliptical arches, fifty-eight feet in space. It is entirely constructed of stone, and the parapet will be decorated with statues and candelabra. Besides these buildings, there is the new theatre erected by Fischer, on the site of the former one, which was destroyed by fire in 1823. It has a very rich façade of the Corinthian order. On the centre of the front it is intended to place the colossal monument decreed by the city to the late king, Maximilian Joseph, which will be cast from the model made by Professor Rauch, of Berlin, the same artist who executed the colossal bronze statue of Blucher, erected in the last-mentioned capital.

*Passagno.* — The church at Passagno founded by Canova, and erected at his own expense, is now rapidly approaching to its completion, and will, it is expected, be opened for divine worship in the course of next year. The progress of the building is zealously superintended by the Bishop of Mindo, Canova's brother. The magnificent Pronaos is nearly finished, and the metopes of the frieze, which have been executed at the Academy of Venice after models by the great artist himself, are now put up.

Died at Brugg, Argow, Switzerland, on Feb. 17th, M. Pestalozzi. He was born in the year 1745, at Zurich, of noble blood: but this circumstance did not keep from him laying himself out in beautifying the lower classes of mankind, whose ignorance he lamented.



His exertions were encouraged by means of a novel, which became popular both in Germany and Switzerland, in which he pictured the occupations, necessities, and desires of the poor. The ancient Swiss governments being abolished, Pestalozzi addressed, to the Helvetic legislative council, his *Reflections on the Wants of the Country*, and principally on the Education and Relief of the Poor. Not long afterwards, he was appointed principal editor of the *Helvetic Journal*, a paper which was devoted to the moral interests of the people. In 1799, the government established an Orphan Institution, at Stantz, of which he was, at once, the teacher, steward, and father, and here it was he formed that plan of education, too well known to need description. When this establishment was broken up, he was assigned a mansion at Burgdorf, to enable him to continue his excellent system of intellectual improvement and bodily exercise. He removed, again, to Yverdon, the castle of which was presented to him by the Canton of Vaud. He was one of the deputation, summoned by Bonaparte, in 1803, to consider in what way Switzerland could be restored to tranquillity. The last of his publications was entitled *Advice to my Contemporaries*: and towards the close of his life, he engaged himself in preparing his numerous works for a complete and systematic edition.

We are happy to hear that Mr. Frost, the director of the Medico-Botanical Society, is preparing for publication his introductory lecture on botany, delivered by him some time since in the theatre of the Royal Institution. The same gentleman has also commenced a course of lectures on medical botany at St. Thomas's Hospital. Considering it a subject which has of late years been but too little attended to, we hope it will attract the attention of the medical profession.

*Shakespeare.*—At Mr. Dent's sale by Evans on Thursday, the first four editions of 'Shakespeare' brought 197*l.* 17*s.* Copies of the same editions, uniformly bound in Russia, are in the possession of Mr. Pickering, of Chancery-lane, which he values at one hundred guineas.

*Canal through the Isthmus of Panama.*—The government of Guatemala has granted to A. H. Palmer, Esq. and others of the city of New York, the right to open a direct canal communication for ships, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, through the river San Juan and the lake Maragua, with the privilege of an extensive navigation for twenty years. This grant was obtained through the influence of Colonel Williams, our minister, by Colonel Benaski, agent for the company. The whole extent of excavation, it is said, will not exceed seventeen miles, (the distance between the lake and the river), which will require a lockage of two hundred feet. The work is to be completed in eighteen months, and is expected to be commenced with six thousand men from this country. It can scarcely fail to be a source of wealth to the company and an advantage to the whole civilized world. It is expected the work will be made as much as possible a national concern, and Congress will be applied to for its

incorporation, by the name of The Central America and United States, Atlantic, and Pacific Junction Canal Company, with a capital of 5,000,000 dollars.

*Major Laing.*—By a letter from Sukhara Ley Tripoli of the 5th April, it appears that Major Laing had really fallen a victim to his perseverance after having reached Tombuctoo. The Pacha of Tripoli communicates this news from a letter of the Governor of Ghadames. The English traveller escaped the brigands of the territory of Tonalt by the hospitable care of a Marabout, by whose assistance he was enabled to reach Tombuctoo. Shortly after his arrival, the Fellahs, to the number of 30,000, came to demand him, in order to put him to death, and destroy the information which he had acquired, 'and to prevent, thereby,' they said, 'Christian nations from profiting by his information to penetrate some day into these distant countries for the purpose of enslaving them.' These are the expressions of the Sheik of Ghadames, in his letter to the Pacha. The prince, who commanded at Tombuctoo, refused to give him up, and sent him out privately under an escort of fifteen of his own guard. The Fellahs having discovered this, pursued him, and murdered Major Laing and those who were guarding him. Such is the tragic end of this intrepid traveller, the first who has entered within this mysterious town. The Fellahs, under the pretext of the protection afforded to Major Laing, have imposed an annual tribute upon the inhabitants of Tombuctoo. This information is communicated by a Sheik of Tripoli, who has long resided at Tombuctoo. He declares, that there exists a very interesting history of this town, which traces the foundation of it to 510 of the Hegira, (1116 of J. C.) written by Sidi Ahmed Baba, a native of Arawau, a small town of the country of the Kentes, a considerable people of Soudan. We hope to be able to procure this history, in order to present it to the king's library, with the *Voyages of the celebrated Ibn Bathouta*, hitherto so little known in Europe.—*Etoile.*

*A Striking Allusion.*—A few days since, at the Theatre Francais, at the moment when the actress, performing the part of Miss Western, in *Tom Jones*, pronounced these verses—

'Adieu: Je vais chercher à percer le mystère  
D'un projet qu'avec soin cache le Ministère,  
Et qui, si j'en dois croire un certain prognostique,

Ne s'accorde pas trop avec le bien publique,'—

A general explosion of 'bravoes' and applause burst from all parts. The spectators demanded these prophetic verses. Madame Pousey could not finish the scene; she returned into the wings; but Baptiste and Madame Menjaud could not render themselves audible—the cries of '*bis, bis!*' stifled their voices. The stage remained empty near a quarter of an hour; at length a commissary of police, from his box, reminded the pit that an ordinance of police forbade actors to repeat verses demanded by the public. Quietness was at length re-established, but not without new allusions to their excellencies.

It gives us great pleasure to learn, that Mr. J. P. Neale is about to resume his elegant and interesting work of *Noblemen and Gentlemen's Seats*, for which he has lately been collecting various subjects of increased importance and interest; so that there is every reason to expect that the concluding parts will surpass those that have hitherto appeared.

*Inauguration of Sir Francis Bacon as Lord Keeper of the Great Seal.*—'The first day of term the new lord keeper rode in pomp to Westminster, accompanied by most of the council and nobility about town, with other gallants, to the number of more than 200 horse, besides the judges and inns of court. There was a great deal more bravery, and better show, than was expected in the king's absence: but both queen and prince sent him all their followers; and his other friends did their best to honour him. The greater part of his train dined with him that day, which cost him, as is reported, 700*l.*, wherein he followed not the pattern he seemed much to approve;—for dining the week before with the rest of the council at Secretary Winwood's, before all other good words and commendations of that entertainment, both he and the Earl of Worcester, whose turn came to feast next, sent to intreat to have the bill of cates, and to have the same cooks. But sure, for ought I can learn since I came, the expense of that dinner was in no sort proportionable to that sum.'—Camden, in his *Annals*, gives the following order of 'the solemn procession:—1. Clerks and inferior officers in chancery; 2. Students in law; 3. Gentlemen, servants to the keeper, sergeants-at-arms, and the seal-bearer, all on foot; 4. Himself on horseback, in a gown of purple satin, between the treasurer and the keeper of the privy seal; 5. Earls, barons, and privy councillors; 6. Noblemen of all ranks; 7. Judges, to whom the next place to the privy councillors was assigned.'

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## WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	Thermometer.			Barom.	State of the Weather.
	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.		
April 27	43	54	42	30 27	Fair.
..... 28	52	62	48	.. 06	Fine.
..... 29	59	67	58	30 00	Fine.
..... 30	60	72	56	.. 06	Fine.
May 1	59	70	50	.. 05	Fair.
..... 2	49	58	50	30 00	Fair.
..... 3	58	66	55	29 95	Fair.

## TO READERS &amp; CORRESPONDENTS.

G. D. (Hood the Younger of The Literary Chronicle) in our next.

Several articles have been received, for which we offer our acknowledgments, and promise an early attention.

H. B., the translator of Kleist, and S. H., are accepted.

WORKS JUST PUBLISHED: The Jurist, No. I., 5s. — Southey's West Indies, 3 vols. 8vo. £2. 10s. — American Atlas, folio, £6. 6s. — Bull on Fuel, 7s. — Burnett's Hints on Colouring, 4to. £1. 11s. 6d.; royal, £2. 5s.; proofs, £3. 6s. — Burnett's Hints on Composition, Light and Shade, and Colouring, three parts, in one vol. £3. 3s. — Stevenson's Tour on the Continent, 2 vols. 21s. — East India Register, 1827, 10s. — The Guards, 3 vols. £1. 8s. 6d. — British Code of Duel, 5s.

SUFFOLK STREET GALLERY.  
**THE EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of BRITISH ARTISTS is OPEN DAILY** to the PUBLIC, from Nine in the Morning till Dusk. Suffolk Street, Pall Mall East.  
D. T. EGERTON, Secretary.  
N. B. Admittance, 1s. — Catalogue, 1s.

THE TWENTY-THIRD  
**EXHIBITION of the SOCIETY of PAINTERS in WATER COLOURS is NOW OPEN**, at the Gallery, 5, Pall-Mall East, every Day from Nine till Seven.  
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CHARLES WILD, Secretary.

This day is published, by Seeley, price 1s.  
**A LETTER** to his most Gracious Majesty King George the Fourth. By a Presbyter of the Church of England.

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**THE GUARDS; a Novel.**  
"Arma virumque cano."—Virgil.  
Printed for T. Clegg Smith, Naval and Military Magazine Office, 36, St. James's Street.

Just published, price 5s. No. I. of  
**THE JURIST; or, Quarterly Journal of Jurisprudence and Legislation.**  
CONTENTS:—I. The Criminal Code—II. Progress of Jurisprudence in the United States—III. Office of Coroner—IV. Consolidation of the Bankrupt Laws—V. Legislative Measures in India for Restraining the Freedom of the Press—VI. Law of Evidence—VII. Proposed Alterations in the Courts of Common Pleas and Exchequer—VIII. Wager of Law—IX. French Law of Literary Property—X. Introduction of Trial by Jury among the Natives of Ceylon.—Parliamentary Proceedings; Parliamentary Papers; Proceedings before Magistrates.  
London: printed for Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy.

**EARLY PROSE ROMANCES; a Collection of Ancient English Fictions.**  
Edited by WILLIAM J. THOMS.  
This work will be beautifully printed in crown octavo, to range with Ellis's and Ritson's Metrical Romances, and published in Monthly Parts, accompanied by illustrative and bibliographical notices.  
Part I. containing the Prose Lyfe of Robert the Devyee, was published on the 1st May, price 3s. 6d.  
Part II. containing the Lyfe of Virgilius, will be published 1st of June.  
Published by William Pickering, Chancery Lane.

In foolscap 8vo. 5s. boards, or post 8vo. 7s. boards.

**POEMS by TWO BROTHERS.**  
"A work which, under the most retiring title, contains many exquisite pieces of verse."—Sunday Monitor, April 22.

London: published by W. Simpkin and R. Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; and J. and J. Jackson, Louth.

**CHARITIES OF GOLDSMITHS' COMPANY.**  
On the 1st of May was published, (continued on the First of every Month), Part IV. price 1s. containing an

**ACCOUNT of PUBLIC CHARITIES** of the CITY of BATH, and of the Goldsmiths', Blacksmiths', and Bowyers' Companies, in London, digested from the Reports of the Commissioners on Charitable Foundations; with Notes and Comments, by the Editor of the 'Cabinet Lawyer.'

Part I. contains an Account of the Chartered Companies of London, with the Charities of the Mercers' and Haberdashers' Companies.

Part II. comprises the Charities of the City and County of Bristol.

Part III. comprises the Charities of the Borough of Southwark.

"This work is, unquestionably, of great importance, and we can with great confidence recommend it to our readers. The notes and comments, by the Editor, are elucidatory and satisfactory; and he has executed his difficult task with much tact and ability."—The Star, March 15, 1827.

London: printed for W. Simpkin and R. Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court, Ludgate Street.

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Numerous engravings, demonstrating the satisfactory completion of this work, as also that the two volumes already executed are by no means partial specimens, may be seen at the Publisher's; they comprise several important originals from Strawberry Hill, Earl Spencer's, at Althorp, the private Dining-Room at Dulwich College, &c. The price of each volume is £2. 2s., or India proofs, £3. 3s. boards.

By subscribing at the present time, the choicest impressions will not only be secured, but, the whole edition being unusually limited, if any sets remain on completion, the price must necessarily be advanced.

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Also, recently published, J. Major's highly illustrated Edition of

**Walton's Complete Angler**, price, foolscap 8vo. 18s., or large paper, £1. 16s.

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"The present volume is every way a companion worthy of the former. The text of honest old Walton, adorned with fifty-two capital wood-engravings, and eleven on copper, is really an enjoyment; and yet we feel the selfishness of it, since it is quite out of our power to communicate a principal source of our gratification to the public. If fancied to be as attractive as possible, the work itself will not disappoint the expectation."—Lit. Gaz.

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Now publishing,

**CUMBERLAND'S BRITISH THEATRE**, with REMARKS, Biographical and Critical. Embellished with fine full-length Portraits of celebrated Performers, and upwards of One Hundred Engravings of the most interesting Scenes. Each Play is sold separately, 6d.; Volumes I to 15, 4s. each, in boards.

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3	Macbeth	55	A Woman never Vext
4	Pizarro	56	The Maid of the Mill
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31	The Inconstant	83	Midas
32	Love in a Village	84	Rule a Wife and Have a Wife
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38	Virginius	90	Doctor Bolus
39	Caius Gracchus	91	High Life Below Stairs
40	All in the Wrong	Vol. XIV.	
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